FRANK READE WEEKLY MAGAZINE,

Containing Stories of Adventures on Land, Sea & in the Air.

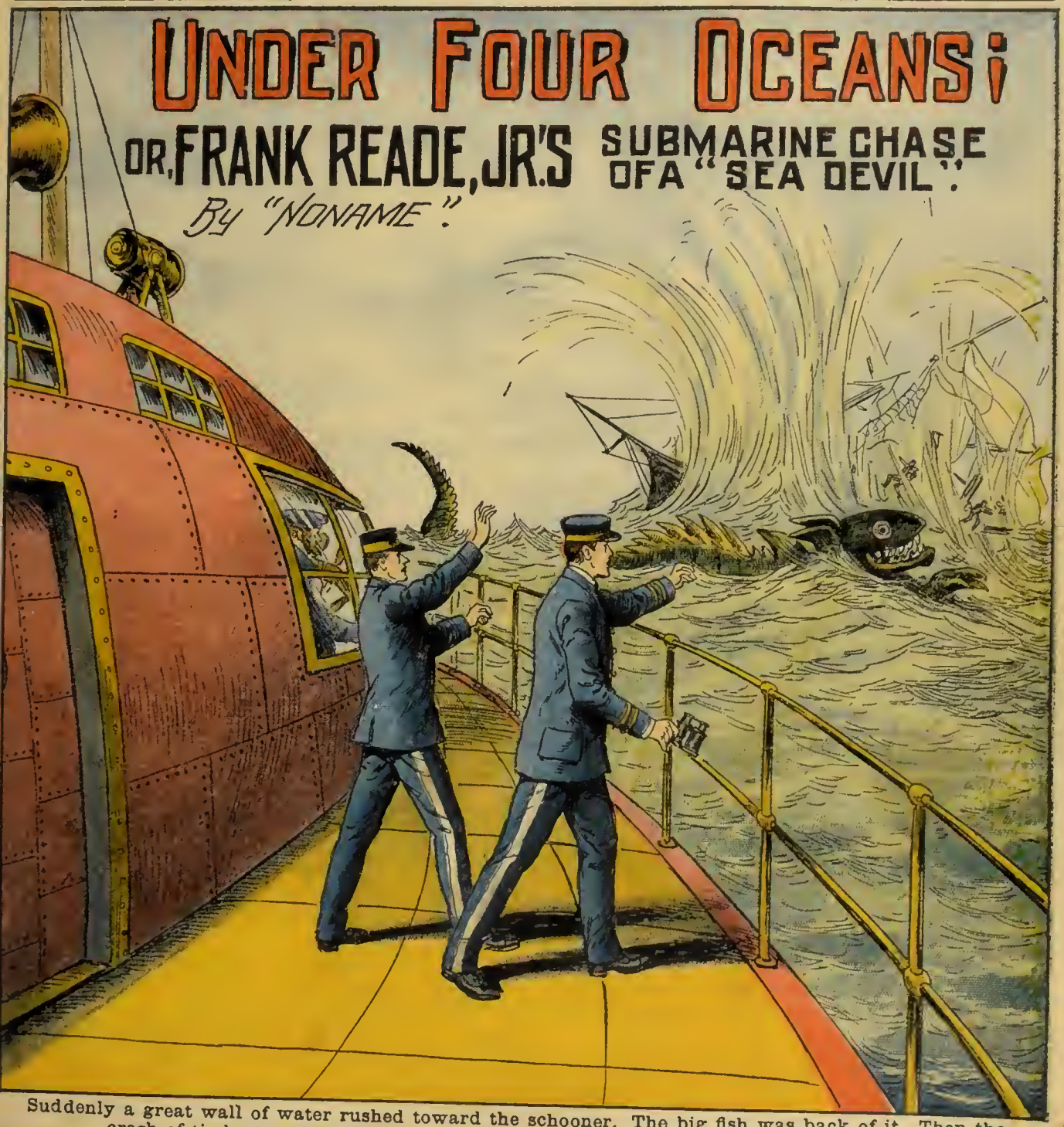
Issued Weekly—By Subscription $2.50 per year. Application made for Second-Class Entry at N. Y. Post Office.

No. 59. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 11, 1903. Price 5 Cents.

UNDER FOUR OCEANS;

OR, FRANK READE, JR.'S SUBMARINE CHASE OF A "SEA DEVIL".

By "NONAME".



Suddenly a great wall of water rushed toward the schooner. The big fish was back of it. Then the crash of timbers was heard. Those on board the submarine boat were frantic with horror. "Crowd on speed, Barney!" cried Frank.

These Books Tell You Everything!

A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 21 Union Square, N. Y.

MESMERISM.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved methods of mesmerism; also how to cure all kinds of diseases by animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

PALMISTRY.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the humps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

HYPNOTISM.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 31. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight of hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight of hand; of tricks involving sleight of hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. Illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurors and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR. — Containing tricks with Dominos, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Æolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects, also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects, also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject, also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.

(Continued on page 3 of cover.)

FRANK READE

WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

CONTAINING STORIES OF ADVENTURES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription $2.50 per year. Application made for Second Class entry at the New York, N. Y., Post Office Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1903, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 59. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 11, 1903. Price 5 Cents.

Under Four Oceans;

OR,

FRANK READE, JR.'S SUBMARINE CHASE OF A "SEA DEVIL."

By "NONAME."

CHAPTER I.

THE PLAN OF LIEUTENANT RHODES.

Maritime circles the world over were thrown into a state of the greatest excitement by a strange and seemingly improbable report.

One June day a sailing brig came into the mouth of the Mersey looking as if she had experienced rough weather.

She carried jury masts, and her bowsprit was lacking, while her decks looked as if they had been swept by carronades.

She was soon in tow of a smart tug, and when once safely moored at a good dock, her captain told a story which might well have found a place in the tales of the Arabian Nights.

When in a certain latitude and longitude in the Central Atlantic, as he told the story, the catastrophe which nigh resulted in the total loss of the brig occurred.

It seemed that the Viola, which was the vessel's name, was proceeding lazily under full sail through almost a calm sea. Suddenly a terrific commotion occurred not one hundred yards to windward.

At first the water began to boil as if with the force of a deep sea geyser, or a suddenly created earthquake. The disturbance was so great that the Viola tacked to get out of the unpleasant swell.

But as the crew were watching the mysterious commotion, Captain Martin suddenly shouted:

"Lively, boys! Hard a port! It's the sea devil!"

Not one in the Viola's crew but turned ghastly pale.

Not one but had heard of the mysterious and deadly deep sea monster which had terrorized the mariners of all nations, and had attacked and sunk more merchant vessels in the past two years than any other cause.

No one had yet been able to describe the sea devil.

It was known that it was a mammoth species of half fish, half reptile, which had probably come from some lair in the deep sea to prey upon anything which it might find on the surface.

No doubt it was a sole living remnant of an extinct species of saurian, which had appeared on the scene to illustrate to the modern sailor what the ancient mariner had to contend with, and as living proof that all his famous yarns of deep sea monsters were not gross lies.

There certainly was no manner of deception about the sea devil. He was a palpable living monster, and a destructive one as well.

At Lloyds, in Liverpool, no less than twenty-two missing vessels were charged to his account. These and their unhappy crews he had sent to the bottom of the sea.

Ships of war cruised in all waters of the world for the monster. It was believed that a six-inch shell, rightly aimed, would correct his highness of the infatuation that he was sole monarch of the high seas.

But it was a queer fact that no shot, however well aimed, had yet brought his marine majesty belly upward. Whether it was owing to the trepidation of the gunner or the exceedingly tough hide of the sea devil could not be guessed.

It was enough that he baffled all attempts at destruction. He continued to roam the seas master of all. Nor did he confine his efforts to one liquid quarter of the globe.

Now he was heard of in the Pacific, next he appeared in the Indian Ocean, and then perhaps in the Atlantic.

Many captains averred positively that there were a dozen of these monsters in existence.

The method of attack of the sea devil was to circle about the loomed ship and suddenly attack it head on below the water line.

It seldom failed to crush in the hull and send the vessel to the bottom with post haste.

But it remained for Captain Martin with the Viola to give the best account of the sea devil, and also to claim the honor of being the sole survivor of its fearful attack.

The sea devil had attacked the brig immediately upon seeing it. Captain Martin, however, was determined to save his ship if he could.

He instantly sprang to the wheel and veered the Viola so as to keep her as much as possible head on to the attacking monster. He would rather the vessel should get the blow head on than abeam.

The result was that the sea devil struck the vessel's bow and coursed along her keel. The shock was tremendous and threw her on her side.

Had she been less steady she would have turned turtle.

But, while the impact shattered her masts, she righted and floated safe and sound save for the damage to her rigging.

It was supposed that the monster's tail or fluke had in some way swept the deck, for it was cleaned quite nicely of all portable articles and the rail.

Had the monster returned to the attack it could easily have finished its work.

But for some inexplicable reason it did not do so.

It disappeared into the sea and was not seen again. It was certainly a close call, and the captain and crew of the Viola had good reasons for mutual congratulations.

This was the story told by Captain Martin of the Viola. He described the sea devil as well as he could.

"He looked to me like a cantankerous sculpin," he declared, "on a big scale. His mouth was as big as six hogsheads, and he had a fore-and-aft fin as big as a ship's keelson. As near as I could tell he also had legs like a crocodile. I tell you, I never seen his likes outside of a dream, and it 'ud take more'n one gallon of grog to make me dream that-a-way, sartin."

The captain's story was taken with liberal abridgment by the maritime commission.

But setting aside the captain's indisputable inclination to magnify the case, there was no doubt but that the sea devil existed and was a menace to ships in all parts of the world.

So the marine and naval authorities of Great Britain and the United States exchanged opinions. Warships had in vain endeavored to run the monster down. They had met with failure upon every hand.

But there was one smart young officer at the Brooklyn Navy Yard who ventured to declare openly that he knew of a way to run the destroyer down.

So much talk did he make about the matter that he was not a little surprised and gratified as well to receive a summons from the Secretary of the Navy at Washington.

"Now, Lieutenant Rhodes," declared the secretary, keenly, "it is said that you know of a way to dispose of the sea devil. Either advance it to us or keep forever silent on the subject."

"I will do both," replied the young lieutenant, with dignity.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say."

"Let me know at once your plan for disposing of the sea devil."

The lieutenant gazed steadily at his superior and said:

"Thus far search for him has been conducted upon the surface of the sea. This is all wrong, for he is a deep sea fish. If you want to catch the sea devil you must pursue him in his native haunts."

A shade of disappointment and mingled anger swept over the secretary's face.

"On my word, I've a mind to court-martial you for this, Rhodes. Remember that practical joking is not tolerated in the navy of the United States."

"I am not joking, sir," retorted Rhodes with asperity. "I resent the insinuation."

"Not joking."

"No, sir."

"Then explain yourself. How do you propose to follow the sea devil to his deep sea haunts and destroy him?"

"There is but one way, sir, and that is with a submarine boat."

Again the secretary looked angry.

"No more trifling, Rhodes!" he declared. "You know very well there is no such thing in existence as a submarine boat. To attempt the construction of one for this purpose would be an insane freak."

Rhodes' eyes opened with surprise.

"What?" he cried. "Is it possible that you have not heard of—of——"

"Of what?" asked the secretary, impatiently.

"Why, of the new invention—the new submarine boat invented by Frank Reade, Jr., the brainiest young man in this country to-day!"

"Frank Reade, Jr.?" exclaimed the secretary in amazement. "The inventor of the airship and other wonders? Of course I know him. Do you mean to say that he has really invented a submarine boat?"

"Of course I do," replied Rhodes, positively, "and I supposed you knew it, too."

"Why, this is the first I have heard of it. But if that is the truth—of course—I see—ah!"

The secretary rose and paced the floor for some moments. Then he turned abruptly to the lieutenant.

"Rhodes," he said, "you have done me a great service. I want you to do more."

"I am subject to your orders, sir."

"Very well. Get ready as quickly as you can and go out to Readestown and see Frank Reade, Jr."

"All right, sir."

"Lay the case before him. Tell him that this Government will see that he is rewarded well if he will run down this sea monster with his submarine boat."

"I will go at once, sir."

"Wait."

"Well?"

"Wire me at once if he will accept the undertaking. Moreover, go with him upon this cruise. What you will learn will be of advantage to the Navy Department. I give you leave of absence indefinitely and a doubling of pay."

When Rhodes went back to Brooklyn that night he was almost in a hysterical frame of mind, so delighted was he with the prospective undertaking.

CHAPTER II.

A VISIT TO READESTOWN.

Jack Rhodes was a young man of more than ordinary qualifications. One of his best points was decisive action.

He lost no more time than was necessary to pack up his effects.

Then he left the navy yard and took the first train for Readestown.

When he arrived in the smart little city he went at once to the machine works where Frank Reade, Jr., was to be found.

As he approached the gate a short, comical-looking darky sprang up. He ducked his head and showed a gleaming row of ivories.

"Mornin', sah!" he exclaimed. "I'se Pomp, sah. Yo' want fo' to see Marse Frank Reade, Jr.?"

"I do," replied Rhodes.

"Yas, sah. Who shall I tell him wants to see him, sah?"

"Here is my card."

"A'right, sah."

The darky vanished. In a few moments he returned, saying:

"Marse Frank wants yo' fo' to come in, sah."

Rhodes followed the darky across the yard of the machine shop and into a neatly furnished office.

Upon tables about lay plans and draftings, as well as curious-looking models of wood and steel.

A tall, handsome and distinguished-looking young man sprang up, and advancing, extended his hand.

"Lieutenant Rhodes?"

"Frank Reade, Jr.?"

"Glad to meet you!"

"The same."

In an instant these two young men were warm friends. There was created between them an instinctive bond of friendship.

It did not take the lieutenant long to explain the object of his visit.

Frank Reade, Jr., listened to his story with deepest interest.

"I have read newspaper tales of this deep sea monster," he declared; "but I must confess that I thought them exaggerated."

"They do not half do the subject justice," declared Rhodes.

"I am interested," declared Frank. "Indeed I could ask for no more exciting object for my submarine cruise than the chase of this sea devil."

"Then you will undertake it?" cried the lieutenant, eagerly.

"I certainly will be delighted to. It is just the contingency I desired."

"Bravo! You are a hero, Mr. Reade. The Government will reward you well."

"No it won't."

"What?"

"I shall accept no reward. I regard this as simply a duty which I owe to the shipping interests of my country. It will be a real pleasure for me to chase the sea devil. As for the money—why, I am rich anyway, and do not need it."

"Then the reward shall be devoted to a charity," declared Rhodes. "By the way, Mr. Reade, is it asking too much to allow me to accompany you?"

"Upon the submarine cruise?"

"Yes."

Frank looked attentively at the young lieutenant.

He felt instinctively that he would like him as a comrade en voyage, and so at once mentally decided in his favor.

But he said aloud:

"Are you quite sure you will dare risk a few months under the ocean?"

Rhodes' eyes opened wide.

"Will I dare?" he exclaimed in amazement. "What would I not dare for the grand honor of accompanying you upon this cruise?"

"We shall at times be miles from the surface. We may never return again to the light of day."

"Delightful!" cried the young lieutenant, fervidly. "My happiest dreams will be realized. Oh, the delicious risk!"

"Then you will risk it?"

"To the limit. Listen, Mr. Reade. I am an officer of the U. S. Navy. I have won my commission as lieutenant. I would not deserve it were I a constitutional coward!"

Frank laughed heartily.

"You shall go!" he cried, gripping Rhodes' hand. "I know that we shall be friends. I like you immensely. We will lose no time in preparing for the start. How soon can you be ready?"

"I am ready now," cried the lieutenant. "I made my preparations before coming here."

"You did?"

"Yes."

"How were you so well assured of success?" asked Fra in surprise.

"I was not," replied Rhodes; "but to leave no possi loophole for failure, I determined to be all ready. An here I am!"

The young inventor was more and more delighted wit his new friend.

"Well," he declared, "the boat is all ready to sail to morrow. The last bit of stores was placed on board yester day. The crew will consist of you and I and my two faith ful colleagues, Barney and Pomp."

"Barney and Pomp?"

"Yes."

"An Irishman and a negro?"

"Just so."

"By the way, did I not see the negro when I came in?"

"You certainly did. He was undoubtedly the one who showed you in. They are valuable men, I tell you, and have accompanied me upon every trip of the kind I ever took."

"Oh, I've no doubt we shall be friends," declared Rhodes. "Now what time shall I be on hand to-morrow?"

"At ten o'clock."

"Very well, I'll be here."

"Yes, for the boat lies in a tank in that inner yard, which is connected by a canal and a lock with the river. From here we shall travel down the river to the sea."

Rhodes took his leave. He went directly to the railway station and wired the Secretary of the Navy the result.

The next morning at precisely ten o'clock he was driven in a cab with his trunks to the gate of the machine shops.

The gate opened and the trunks were taken charge of by Barney and Pomp, who suddenly appeared on the scene.

There was an immense crowd outside and along the river banks, waiting for the submarine boat to appear.

On board the submarine boat they proceeded. Frank had left the shops in charge of his trusted head mechanic.

The submarine boat floated in the tank, which was a deep excavation in the machine shop yard covering fully an acre.

From this lock a canal led down to the river. It was an easy matter to pass the boat out by means of a lock.

The new invention had been launched and tested fully a week before. It proved a genuine triumph and a success in every way.

Barney, the Irishman, was in the pilot-house.

He was an experienced electrician and mechanic. Pomp on the other hand was a good electrician, but also a past master in the art of cooking. The galley was his kingdom.

Barney and Pomp were always the best of friends, though never agreeing upon any one point. This anomaly is ex-

plained in the mutual propensity for nagging and the playing of practical jokes upon each other.

We shall be able to study their characters and peculiarities a little better in the course of our story.

But before the start upon the famous submarine voyage is made, let us take a look at the submarine boat and its mechanism.

The Nautilus, as it was called, was built much upon the lines of a speedy yacht of the schooner class.

Her hull was made of steel plates, skillfully riveted and lightly rolled. Above her deck was a dome-shaped structure, extending the whole length of her, which was also of steel.

This was the cabin proper of the submarine boat. It was provided with heavy plate glass windows, and also a number of dead-eye windows.

In the forward part was the glass-enclosed pilot-house. Here was the steering gear and electric keyboard by which the electrical machinery was operated.

Fore and aft a narrow outer deck extended which was guarded by a hand-rail. A door and vestibule was situated amidships.

Here also an outer gangway led down the side of the ship to a door in her lower hull, which was used for certain purposes which the incidents of our story will in due course divulge.

Three masts to steady the boat rose from her deck, but she was not designed to carry sail, even though she might sail on the surface.

This is an external description of the Nautilus. Now let us take a look at the interior.

Of course there were many puzzling difficulties to overcome in building a submarine boat.

One of these is the question of sinking and raising the boat at will, or keeping her suspended at whatever depth was necessary.

Frank had overcome this obstacle in a very ingenious manner.

In the hold of the Nautilus were huge compartments, with valves and automatic sections, all of which was operated by pneumatic pressure.

When the valves and sections were opened water rushed instantly into the reservoir, causing the boat to sink to various depths as the weight overcame her buoyancy.

This was registered upon a table in the pilot-house by means of a buoyancy gauge, a clever invention of Frank's.

Thus she could be kept suspended at any depth and easily propelled with a powerful screw.

The engines were operated with powerful dynamos, operated in turn by a system of storage battery, which was also a secret invention of Frank's.

The questions above narrated overcome, Frank was confronted with yet a greater one.

This was how to support human life on board while the boat was under water, for one person would soon exhaust the oxygen it contained.

Frank had provided the boat with pipes and valves which ran through each compartment. These were connected with chemical generators, which performed the double duty of consuming the bad air and manufacturing and circulating fresh air.

With these principal difficulties overcome, the manufacture of the submarine boat had not been difficult, and was easily made complete.

CHAPTER III.

EN ROUTE.

The interior of the cabin was richly furnished. Frank had spared no expense or effort in this direction.

The cabin was also provided with all the essentials of a deep sea trip, such as scientific and nautical instruments.

Provisions sufficient to last a year were on board.

As for the electrical fuel, the batteries were so constructed that they could easily be renewed for an indefinite period.

Of course, when Rhodes inspected the submarine wonder, he was not a little surprised with its marvelous appointments.

He could not help saying spontaneously:

"You are a genius, Frank. Truly this is one of the greatest marvels on the face of the earth."

"Or the sea!" said Frank, jocularly.

"As you please. It certainly is incomparable."

As the Nautilus glided out into the river an immense throng of people was on the banks.

They greeted the appearance of the boat with the wildest cheers. This new invention was to them one of Frank Reade, Jr.'s greatest.

And Frank Reade, Jr., was a most popular man in Readestown, as he should have been.

Frank was much gratified by this manifestation of good will, and to please the people, decided to exhibit the peculiarities of the invention then and there.

So he bade all go into the cabin. In the pilot-house he

pressed a small button which caused all the doors and windows to become hermetically sealed.

The boat was now in the middle of the river.

"You are going to send her to the bottom, Frank?" asked Lieutenant Rhodes.

"Yes," replied the young inventor. "I want to exhibit her to the people."

"It will be my first experience under the water."

"I hope you will enjoy it."

"Indeed I am sure I shall."

The next moment there was a rush of waters over the deck. The boat settled gracefully.

For an instant darkness reigned in the cabin.

But Frank pressed a button which instantly set every electric lamp on board in a blaze.

It was a wonderful experience, and Rhodes could hardly contain himself.

The boat had touched the bed of the river, and he had but to look through the plate glass observation windows to see all quite plainly.

The search-light was also called into purpose and showed the bed of the river as plain as could be for a long way ahead.

In every respect the submarine boat was a certain success. This must be admitted.

"Of course this is nothing compared with the bed of the sea," said Rhodes. "Indeed I am anxious to be there."

"And you shall have your wish full soon," declared Frank. "We will not dally long here. Press the reservoir lever, Barney."

"All roight, sor," replied the Celt.

The next moment the boat was swiftly mounting upward to the surface. As she sprang into view like a buoyant duck the people on shore wildly cheered.

The Nautilus was a success, and it now only remained for her to track the sea devil to its deep sea lair.

This Frank Reade, Jr., was fully resolved to do. He would scour the oceans of the world to accomplish this purpose.

The last heard of the mysterious monster was off the coast of South America and exactly on the Equator.

Here it had scuttled a ship and sent it to the bottom. All hands on board were lost.

Of course it was not a certainty that the monster was yet in that locality.

He might be heard of next three thousand miles away.

But nevertheless Frank decided to proceed to this spot where he had last been heard from.

It seemed to be the only and most logical way of overtaking the destroyer. To chase him was the best course.

In such a vast body of water as the ocean, of course, finding him depended largely on chance.

But this chance Frank hoped to win.

Once he had come up with the creature he believed he could cope successfully with it.

To this end he had provided in a curious way.

Heretofore this had been attempted with cannon balls and explosive shells. Of course such weapons of offense Frank could not use under water.

But he had so arranged the steel shell of the boat that he could heavily charge it with electricity.

The full force of the dynamos could be so employed that contact with the vessel's outer hull would be most deadly.

The submarine boat had therefore but to come into collision with the sea devil to finish it. At least this was Frank's confident belief.

Therefore it was the young inventor's policy to solicit an attack from the creature. The victory would then be won.

The passage to the sea was made in safety and in good time.

Soon the Nautilus was speeding over the waters of the Atlantic.

Southward the course was made to the Equator.

Part of the way the Nautilus proceeded on the surface.

She hailed several ships, Frank hoping to get a fresh report from the sea devil, but in this he did not succeed.

While under water the Nautilus showed herself a gamy and stanch boat, and fulfilled all expectations.

It was of course quite a wonderful thing to travel in that manner through the sea depths, and Rhodes perhaps appreciated it the most.

Many wonderful sights were witnessed on the ocean's floor.

At times the boat passed over miles of vast expanse of clear white sand. Then would come fantastic coral and shell formation, and again submarine forests almost as natural as the real thing.

It was all very wonderful, and Rhodes declared aptly:

"It is worth a lifetime to take this trip. There is nothing anywhere else on earth to compare with the wonders of the deep sea."

Barney and Poup were right in their element.

Nothing suited them better than to be off on a tour of adventure with their beloved young master.

"Be me sowl!" cried Barney, as he threw a handspring on the floor of the forward cabin. "I hope we'll not be long

fundin' dat sea divil. Shure if he's any manners at all he'll lay in wait for us somewhere."

"Yo' kin bet dat he dou' wait no mo' dan a bery brief p'aintance wif dis ere boat," declared Pomp, confidently; "it be a little bit ob a 'sprise pahty fo' dat fish, yo' kin gamble."

Then he gently cut a double shuffle.

Barney could not resist the temptation to interfere with this. He slid one foot forward and it collided with one of Pomp's. The result was that the darky stood on his head in an undignified manner.

Had he been other than a darky this might have been a serious affair.

But Pomp's head was no exception to the proverbial one, and it only shook him up a little. Moreover, it excited his ire.

He recovered himself in a spluttering fit of rage.

"Wha' yo' mean, yo' impident I'ishman?" he roared furiously. "Yo' jes' try dat lily trick ag'in, an' I break yo back fo yo'!"

"Ho, ho, ho!" screamed Barney, in a convulsion of laughter; "yez can't do that, naygur!"

"I kain't, eh? P'r'aps yo' kin tell me why."

Pomp was very angry.

"Begorra, I'd niver let yez!"

"Yo' wudn't, hi? We'se gwine see 'bout dat dreckly. See dat big fish starin' in dat window at you!"

Barney turned his head a moment. He saw in that instant that he was fooled, but he had not time to recover. Pomp, with a yell, lowered his woolly head.

The next moment it met Barney's stomach full and fair. There was a gasping shriek and the Celt turned a complete back somersault into the next cabin.

Pomp would have followed up his advantage to Barney's serious detriment but for the fact that Frank Reade, Jr., sat in this cabin.

The young inventor had just time to turn when Pomp vanished. Barney was winded, but he managed in some way to get on his feet and scurry away.

"Bejabers, I'll aven it up wid dat coon!" he muttered vengefully. "He'll niver git the best of Barney O'Shea!"

The submarine boat was making rapid progress through the Middle Atlantic to the Equator.

St. Paul Island was the objective point of the cruise. The sea devil had been seen to the east of this, and thither Frank intended to go.

He had a chart of the ocean currents and had formed a quite logical theory based upon their action.

"A big fish like that," he said, "would undoubtedly keep in the great ocean currents, and probably would swim a great distance against the current. Now just to the south east of St. Paul Island, where the monster was seen, there is a division of the Equatorial currents. One flows north along the northern coast of North America, and the other flows south along the coast of Africa and around the Cape of Good Hope."

"Exactly," agreed Lieutenant Rhodes, eagerly.

"Now, the fish took one or the other of these currents. It is more than likely that he went south."

"Along the coast of Africa?"

"Yes."

"Good! Then we shall follow on in that direction?"

"I think it is best. Of course it will be all a question of luck whether we run across the fish or not."

"Oh, certainly; but I just happened to think that it is possible that if the monster came north we might meet him."

CHAPTER IV.

HAILING THE BRITISH PRINCE.

"Yes," agreed Frank; "of course there is a chance. Yet I am inclined to believe that he has struck out for the South Seas."

"I only hope we shall succeed in coming up with him."

"We will do the best we can."

The Nautilus kept on her way to the Equator with all speed. She was a rapid sailer, and made good time.

As the days passed the seas grew less tempestuous, and had they been dependent on sails the voyagers would have surely been a good while getting to their destination.

For they ran into seas of glass, where the doldrums hold many a trading ship in statu quo for days and even weeks.

But the Nautilus was provided with a screw and powerful electric engines.

So she plowed on without any trouble. Nearer they drew to their destination.

One day Frank came on deck, and noting the altitude of the sun, began taking observations.

He announced finally:

"We are exactly on the Equator. St. Paul Island is due west from us. Not fifty miles to the east the Equatorial Current divides."

This was good news for all.

Thus far they had met and exchanged hails with many

ships. But none of them could give any word of the object of their quest.

Now, however, a big four-master was seen standing in toward them from the southeast.

Rhodes could not help saying:

"We ought to hail that fellow, Frank. He comes from just the right direction to bring us news of the sea devil. What do you think?"

"You may be right," agreed Frank. "We will call him up."

Accordingly the submarine boat headed toward the distant ship.

Signals were exchanged and the two vessels drew nearer each other.

The ship ran up the British ensign. This showed her nationality.

As they drew near enough for a hail her rail was seen to be lined with blue-jacket tars. She was a handsome type of the old-time sailing vessel.

An officer in her shrouds with a trumpet shouted:

"Ahoy!"

"Ahoy, the ship!" replied Frank.

"What craft is that?"

"The submarine boat, Nautilus, of Readestown, U. S. A. Frank Reade, Jr., master. What ship is that?"

"The trader British Prince, of Liverpool, from Mozambique, with ivory and dye stuffs; Captain Archibald Fife. Where are you bound?"

"We are in search of the sea devil," replied Frank. "We are authorized to find and destroy it."

An eager cry came back.

"Then we can give you valuable word. We have seen the monster!"

This created the most intense excitement aboard the submarine boat. Rhodes was nearly crazy.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "We have hit it. We are on the right track!"

"That will indeed be a great help to us," replied Frank. "Where did you see the monster?"

"Not two days ago, about one hundred miles south in the Equatorial Drift. We feared for a time that it meant to attack us. It dived under us, and went around us six times, but finally disappeared."

"In what direction?"

"It went below the surface. More we cannot say."

"You are to be congratulated on your escape," declared Frank. "It was indeed most wonderful. We thank you for the information and wish you a prosperous voyage."

Then the British Prince went on her northward way.

The Nautilus sped away in the opposite direction.

Frank was satisfied of one fact.

"The creature is following the southern current," he declared. "If we keep on and have any kind of luck we will certainly overtake him in due course of time."

This seeming fact that the fish confined its extended ramifications about the earth to the trend of the ocean currents much simplified the process of searching for him.

Of course to attempt to find him without any clew in the ocean at large was much like looking for a needle in a haystack.

One might succeed, and then again one might never. The chances were in favor of never.

But so long as the fish continued to appear at frequent intervals, and always in the ocean currents, there was almost a certainty of falling in with him sooner or later.

And Frank decided to settle the question and make the issue at first meeting if possible.

So mightily hopeful, indeed extremely confident, the searchers went on their southward way.

Constant watch was kept of the sea.

At night the searchlight swept the mighty expanse. At times also the boat descended below the surface, and even to the bottom.

Of course there were hundreds of miles on either side that must go unexplored.

But Frank kept well in the middle of the current and trusted to luck.

They proceeded far south of the point where the sea devil had been last seen by the British Prince.

But no further sign of him was seen or heard of.

Every vessel they met was hailed, but without avail.

The days passed into a week.

They were now almost on the Tropic of Capricorn, and not more than three hundred miles off the African coast.

Frank had about come to a new conclusion.

"I wouldn't be surprised if the creature had taken a sudden leave of the South Atlantic," he said, "and switched off over into the Indian Ocean. I think we had better push on around the cape."

"I agree with you," declared Rhodes; "by all means."

So the boat was headed for the Cape. But six hours later the first thrilling experience with the object of their chase was had. They got the first view of the sea devil.

The boat was forging along good and steady. Barney was on the forward deck, scouring the horizon with a glass, when he let out a yell which might have waked the dead had he been in a churchyard at the moment.

"Whurroo! Cum quick, Misther Frank! Shure it's the

bloody crather fer shure. Wud yez be afther takin' a luk at it yersilf to make shure."

In a moment Frank and Rhodes were by Barney's side.

Frank gazed long and earnestly at a curious-looking object about a mile distant on the surface of the ocean.

It looked like a drifting vessel bottom upward, but yet it was too great in length for that.

It lay dormant. Frank cried excitedly:

"Shift our course, Barney. Make for it!"

Barney needed no second bidding. He sprang to the wheel and shifted the Nautilus' course.

But before the submarine boat had covered half the distance the huge creature made a move.

And it was truly a move.

Up out of the water went a mighty head like that of a sperm whale, and a column of water shot fifty feet into the air.

A monster tail beat the water into mountain waves and made a sound like thunder.

The little submarine boat was violently pitched as if in a great storm.

"Jericho!" gasped Rhodes, turning white. "I don't know but what that creature is too much for us, Frank."

"Begorra, he'll swamp us!" cried Barney.

"We must not get within reach of that tail assuredly," agreed Frank. "That would never do."

The boat could not safely approach any nearer to the sea devil just then.

Now it could be very readily understood why captains of great ships stood so greatly in fear of the creature.

There was certainly a good reason for it. No ship that ever floated could safely risk a blow of that giant tail, or the force of those terrible jaws.

For a time Frank kept aloof. He knew that it was necessary to use great caution.

The sea devil disported itself for awhile in its terrific manner.

It did not appear to see the submarine boat. After a time it relinquished its activity and lay quite still.

Then the Nautilus stole a trifle nearer. But just as the nerves of the voyagers were strung to the highest pitch there came a change.

Suddenly and without warning the sea devil sank.

Only a boiling caldron of water marked the spot where it had been.

For a moment the voyagers were unable to act; then Frank, realizing the peril, cried:

"Into the cabin! Lower the boat, Barney!"

A moment later the Nautilus was on her way to the bottom.

And in this she had the advantage of a surface vessel. This was taking the sea devil at his own game and in his own element.

Frank charged the hull to the full force of the dynamos. There was power enough to subdue the monster at a touch, as he believed.

Under water the searchlight's rays were sent in all directions. They made objects quite plain.

The bed of the ocean here was smooth and sandy. A better place for the conflict could not have been chosen.

At first it was feared that the sea devil had vanished into some distant depths where it could not be found again.

But suddenly Pomp gave a thrilling cry.

"Look out, Marse Frank! Dere he am comin' straight fo' us!"

And as all pressed close to the observation windows they saw that Pomp was right. The monster was apparently coming to the attack.

CHAPTER V.

CHASING THE SEA DEVIL.

It was certainly a thrilling spectacle which was beheld by those on board the submarine boat.

It rested on the bottom of the sea.

Frank judged that it would stand the shock of the encounter there as well as anywhere. Moreover, it would be difficult for the monster to strike the boat full force in that position.

The giant fish had apparently been attracted by the electric light.

He was coming to the attack with furious force. It was a frightful spectacle for those on board the Nautilus.

They saw a great mountain of black swooping down upon them. There was a vision of terrible claws and gleaming jaws.

Then—what followed was a jumbled mass.

Frank was always certain that the fish did not come in contact with the boat.

If it had it would certainly have received the death shock, and the boat itself would have felt this.

But what did happen was a very confused mass. There was a terrible whirling of waters around the boat. It

seemed lifted and twisted and hurled, and then the next moment shot up into daylight.

The lever had been thrown back by the shock, and this had been sufficient to send it kiting to the surface.

But the fish—what of it?

All eyes scanned the sea to see it lying belly upward and dead. But no such thing was seen.

To the contrary, far to the southward a great column of water was seen to spurt into the air. They knew that it was the sea devil alive and very lively.

Chagrin, surprise and mystification were all blended in the bosoms of the four voyagers.

Indeed they were wholly unable to understand it.

"Jericho!" gasped Rhodes. "Is that chap proof against electricity as well as cannon balls?"

"Begorra, it must be a tough hoide he has!" declared Barney.

"I done fink dat am right enough," averred Pomp.

"He certainly struck us, didn't he, Frank?"

The young inventor shook his head.

"If he had he would be dead now," he declared.

Rhodes was astonished.

"You don't really mean to say that he didn't strike us!" he cried. "Why, what could have given the boat that terrific shock?"

"Well," said Frank, with conviction, "I will give you my opinion. I don't believe the fish struck us. We were too low down in the sands for that."

"Very likely the electric light blinded him and greatly diverted his course. I think he passed just over us without touching the boat. The whirl of the water in his wake was what twisted the Nautilus around so. He is a many times heavier body than the Nautilus. This is my opinion."

"Well," agreed Rhodes, "it is certainly a logical one, and you must be right, Frank. What a pity he has given us the slip!"

"Yes."

"But why did he not attack us a second time?"

"Easily explained," replied Frank. "We at once shot to the surface, and were probably out of sight when the fish turned about."

"Why of course."

"Then he probably shot away at full speed for several miles before coming to the surface."

"Then we really dodged him."

"That is just about it."

"What shall we do then?"

"Why, continue to chase him, of course. I am in hope we can come up with him again soon."

So the Nautilus was put to full speed in chasing the sea devil. But it was not such an easy task to catch him.

He was a most elusive body, as they soon learned.

For fully two hundred miles, night and day, the chase went on.

The sea devil would come to the surface at regular intervals, only to disappear again and to appear the next time perhaps a dozen miles further to the south.

It was truly like chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. The Nautilus was certainly no match whatever for the monster.

In this way they speedily drew into Cape waters. And here they were more than ever in the beaten path of vessels.

So it happened that one morning a thrilling and awful spectacle was witnessed by the submarine voyagers.

Not more than twenty miles off the coast a small steamer flying the Portuguese flag was working her way along.

Frank on the forward deck of the Nautilus had sighted her and was watching her carelessly.

Rhodes was doing the same; and both were astounded to see a familiar column of water rise just astern of her. Rhodes gave a cry of horror.

"My God! it is the sea devil!" he cried.

"It is," rejoined Frank; "and that is a doomed vessel!"

"We must save her if we can."

"We'll try it."

The Nautilus was brought about and made a swift run for the fated schooner.

A signal of warning was set. But it was of no avail.

The sea devil was seen playing about the doomed vessel. Whether her crew were conscious of the deadly peril or not did not appear.

Suddenly a great wall of water rushed toward the schooner. The big fish was back of it.

The next moment masts and yards were seen to go over and meet the water. The vessel's keel was seen as she lay a moment on her side.

Then the crash of timbers was heard even at that distance.

Those on board the submarine boat were frantic with horror and impotent effort.

"Crowd on all speed, Barney!" cried Frank, wildly. "We must get some of the crew if we can."

But the distance was too great. Before the Nautilus could cover it the schooner had sunk beneath the waves.

The destroyer was many miles to the southward.

A momentary vision of members of the crew struggling in the water was had.

Then all was smooth. When the Nautilus reached the spot, there was nothing afloat but a few bits of wreckage.

The destroyer had placed another victim on its list. One more ship had vanished from the face of the sea and its fate and that of its crew might never be known to their friends at home.

Nothing, of course, could be done, for the crew of the schooner were undoubtedly all dead; but Frank Reade, Jr., said grimly:

"I shall overhaul that monster yet, and when I do he shall pay for this."

And once more the Nautilus went in pursuit of the destroyer.

But now matters underwent a great change. This was the last seen of the sea devil in Atlantic waters.

The quest was now to carry the explorers into a new ocean, and the most wonderful of all on the face of the globe.

This was the Indian Ocean. Straight on in the Equatorial Current the submarine boat proceeded until Cape Town was reached.

All this while nothing had been seen of the sea monster.

"Will we keep on around the Cape?" asked Rhodes.

"No," replied Frank. "I believe I will drop into Cape Town. Perhaps we may get some valuable information there."

"Good!"

"What is more, we must let the authorities know of the wreck of this schooner."

The justice of this was to be easily seen.

The name of the schooner had been obtained, it was believed, from the floating stern board of a small boat. On it was inscribed:

"Donna Maria, Cape Town."

Accordingly the submarine boat put into Cape Town. She created a genuine sensation there.

There was a number of American vessels in the harbor, one of them being a United States man-of-war.

As a result a reception was given aboard her to the submarine voyagers which they enjoyed much. In fact, a jolly time was had.

Frank notified the authorities of Cape Town of the fate of the Donna Maria and earned the gratitude of the owners, who could now recover the insurance.

Everybody was interested in the exciting chase for the sea devil, and wished the submarine voyagers good luck.

"I will run him down if it takes a lifetime," declared Frank. "Even if I have to sail under every ocean on the face of the globe."

"You have already been under one ocean, Mr. Reade," said the captain of the ship of war.

"Yes," replied the young inventor, "and I am just about to enter another."

"I trust you will succeed."

Nobody in Cape Town, however, could give any clew to the whereabouts of the big fish.

But just as they were leaving the harbor a fishing smack came in, the crew in a great fright.

They were from Pietermaritzburg, Natal, and while weathering the Cape westward to make Cape Town, fell into the wake of some terrible sea monster which they believed to be the big serpent, the bugaboo of mariners.

The creature had not attacked them, but had made such a sea about them that they had lost a section of the forward bulwarks, a foretopmast, stays, shrouds, and otherwise got badly shaken up.

A more demoralized or terrified set of mariners were never seen. They were like a row of white ghosts with chattering teeth as they told their gruesome tale.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PORTUGUESE WARSHIPS.

The captain of the warship was much excited.

"Why, it is a menace to the shipping of the world," he declared. "No waters on the globe are safe. Truly something ought to be done. If you can run that monster down and kill it, Mr. Reade, you will earn the gratitude of the civilized world."

"That is what I intend to do," declared Frank, resolutely. "You shall see."

"I certainly wish you success. I would go with you with this ship, but my orders are to wait here for our flagship."

"That is all right," said Frank. "I think I can handle the creature alone. I shall endeavor to reach him in the depths."

"You certainly have an advantage with your submarine boat."

"I believe so."

Then the Nautilus took leave of Cape Town.

After making the Cape and bending to the northward, a question arose.

Which course had the destroyer taken? Had he gone through the Mozambique Channel, or had he gone east via the connecting current toward Australia?

It puzzled Frank for a short while. But he finally decided to go up through the channel.

In this the others concurred.

"He seems to be inclined to hug this coast," declared Rhodes. "It's my opinion, Mr. Reade, that we will do well to go up through the channel."

"That settles it," said Frank. "Up the channel we go!"

Past the mouth of Delagoa Bay the boat ran, and a day later was in the channel.

Here the American flag became a curiosity. There were plenty of Portuguese traders, British steamers and Indian junks.

It was useless to hail these or try to derive any information from them.

So Frank kept ahead on his own hook.

All on board were constantly on the lookout for the sea-monster, but nowhere in the channel did they get a view of him.

An amusing incident occurred as they were rounding Cape Ambro, the northernmost point of Madagascar, and between a number of small islands.

Here were valuable pearl fisheries, controlled by the Portuguese Government, as it seemed.

Two man-of-war vessels were in patrol here to keep away interlopers, or poachers. They were almost immediately sighted by the Nautilus.

But the first intimation the voyagers had of their proximity came in a startling manner.

A cannon ball struck the water one hundred yards from the Nautilus, and actually bounded clear over the submarine boat.

Rhodes involuntarily ducked his head and yelled:

"Jericho! Who has fired on us?"

They all saw the Portuguese vessels bearing down upon them at right angles. They seemed in haste to cut off the interlopers.

"They are men-of-war," declared Frank; "they have ordered us to heave to."

"They might have been polite, at least," growled Rhodes; "if that fool of a gunner had not aimed short that ball would have struck us."

Frank was very angry.

"They are Portuguese!" he exclaimed. "What do they mean by such an outrage? We will see about it."

Then he turned to Barney.

"Show the American flag at the masthead," he said.

"I'll do it, sor."

A moment later the Stars and Stripes were floating in the breeze. But Frank and the lieutenant looked for the Portuguese to hold off now.

But they did not.

The sight of the American flag convinced them all the more that the little vessel was an illicit pearl fisher.

So they even fired another shot across the bow of the Nautilus.

For a moment Frank was undecided what to do. He was very angry and felt like teaching the uncivil foreigners a lesson.

It was not a question of escaping from the warships.

This was easy enough.

He could have sent the submarine boat to the bottom, and the Portuguese would at once have been outwitted.

But this was not the point.

After some moments of reflection Frank decided to have some fun with the Portuguese.

"Keep cool," he said to Rhodes, who was angrily fuming; "I'll teach these ignoramuses something."

So he brought the Nautilus about and lay to, waiting for the warships to come alongside.

Up they came pompously under full head of steam, their commanders confident that they had made an important capture.

Standing on the bridge, the commander of the first ship hailed the Nautilus in Portuguese.

As it happened, Frank had a good knowledge of Spanish and a fair smattering of Portuguese. He understood the hail as:

"Ahoy, you pearl stealers! Send a boat aboard with your papers!"

To this Frank replied:

"Why not be more polite, senor? We fly the American flag."

"A murrain on your flag!" retorted the Portuguese commander; "that game won't work. We know your errand in these waters, and if you are Americans or Turks it matters not to us. Show your papers or we'll send you to the bottom."

Frank might have informed the choleric fellow that he could go there without his aid if he chose. But he held his temper.

"Will you dare fire on the American flag?" he cried. "Remember that America is a powerful nation."

"But her navy is only fit for a frog-pond," sneered the impolite commander. "Will you accept our terms or not?"

"May I ask why you hold us up this way in these waters?" asked Frank.

"Because we suspect you of being pearl fishers."

"But I can assure you that we are not."

"Your assurance is worth nothing. We ask for absolute proof. This is his majesty's ship, Don Pedro, and we are

under orders to protect these pearl fisheries, which are the property of the Portuguese Government. What craft are you?"

"This is the Nautilus, submarine boat, of Readestown, America. You attempt us harm at your peril! If you want to send a boat aboard of us we will prove our character to you. But we resent the insult and will not send a boat aboard of you. The time has not come when Portugal dares fire upon the American flag in any waters of the world. Take the warning!"

"Jericho! that is good!" cried Rhodes joyfully. "Oh, don't I wish I had the Boston or the Charleston here now! Wouldn't we settle their hash quick!"

"Keep quiet or you'll spoil the fun," adjured Frank.

"I'm mum as an oyster."

There was an excited conference on board of the man-of-war. Then the hail came again:

"You claim to be a submarine boat?"

"Yes," replied Frank.

"Then what are you doing in these waters if you are not illicitly fishing for pearls?"

"We are in chase of the sea devil, a monster fish which has been destroying shipping in all parts of the world," declared Frank. "That is the real reason for our presence here."

Another consultation followed on the man-of-war's deck. Then the hail came:

"Your excuse is a suspicious one. You are under arrest. Sail alongside and we will send a guard aboard."

Frank's eyes twinkled.

He turned to the pilot-house. Rhodes looked aghast.

"Surely you are not going to do that?" he said.

"Keep cool," adjured Frank.

Barney worked the Nautilus nearer to the warship. A guard of marines were putting off in a boat.

It could be seen that the Portuguese commander was sure that he had made a most important capture.

To Rhodes' supreme disgust Frank allowed the Portuguese marines to step onto the deck.

They were in command of a pompous officer, who saluted Frank stiffly and said:

"We seize this vessel in the name of the King of Portugal!"

Frank laughed insolently. He walked up to the officer and snapped his fingers in his face contemptuously.

"Do you?" he exclaimed keenly. "Well, I don't believe you do. You are the most wooden-headed, pig-brained set that grace the face of the earth. If I was to serve you right I would make your country pay indemnity for this outrage. But I choose a different method of teaching you good manners. Excuse me till I show you how I will do it."

And with a most extravagant bow Frank stepped into the cabin.

Rhodes and Barney and Pomp had preceded him.

Before the astonished Portuguese officer could recover, an astounding thing, to him, happened.

Frank's purpose in getting close to the man-of-war was a good one. The muzzles of the guns could not be sufficiently depressed at such short range to do the Nautilus any harm. However, it is doubtful if there would have been time, anyway.

For quick as a flash Frank sprang to the keyboard.

He pressed one button which closed every door and window.

The Portuguese officer reached the cabin door just too late.

Then Frank pressed the lever which caused the reservoir to fill. Instantly the boat began to sink.

Down she went.

What was the result?

Half a score of dismayed and astonished soldiers and marines were floundering in the water.

Of course they were picked up safely but much discomfited. As for their brilliant prize, it was beyond their reach.

The captain of that Portuguese man-of-war must have been a mad and excited man just then. Whether he was or not our voyagers had no means nor interest for ascertaining.

CHAPTER VII.

UNDER THE INDIAN OCEAN.

The Nautilus ran under water for a dozen miles or more.

When she came to the surface she was to the leeward of the islands where Portugal so jealously protected her pearl fisheries.

The warships were not in sight.

A good laugh was indulged in.

"Well, you did fool them good, Frank!" declared Rhodes. "I was never more delighted in my life. How it must have taken down their egotism!"

"I imagine they have plenty of it left," declared Frank. "But you were a bit worried when I let them come on deck."

"I had not guessed your purpose."

"Did you think I would really surrender to such a lot of jays?"

"I—I really was not sure."

"Well, don't ever misjudge me that way again," said Frank, flatly. "I am not such a fool."

"Anyway," said Rhodes, in delight, "we have given them a dandy set-back. No Portuguese living was ever yet a match for a live Yankee!"

With which bit of pardonable egotism Rhodes lit a cheroot and paced the deck like a victorious admiral.

Leaving Madagascar and its contiguous islands far to the southward, the submarine boat now struck into the Japan current and was carried swiftly to the eastward.

Long dives were taken in the mysterious depths of the famed Indian Ocean.

Day and night the surface was also scanned, but yet there was no sign of the sea monster.

And a conviction grew upon Frank which he could not shake off.

"Ah," he declared; "I fear we have made a mistake, and that our prize has gone off in that connecting current to Australia."

"That would be hard luck," said Rhodes in dismay. "How could we overcome it?"

"Why, simply follow this current until it bends southward and then make for Australia ourselves. We ought in that way to meet our prey if he still sticks to his current-following plan."

"Unless he passes us in the night."

"Of course all those chances we are taking. However, let us hope that we can bag the game at the next encounter."

"Or be bagged," said Rhodes; "do you know, Frank, I feel a bit shaky about letting that big brute ram this boat."

"Eh?"

"I believe he would knock it into smithereens."

Frank was reflective a moment.

"No doubt it would kill the fish," continued Rhodes; "but on the other hand would it not utterly demolish the Nautilus?"

"Yes, I should think it might," agreed Frank; "but if we ram the fellow unaware it is about as bad. He will make enough of a splurge to give us a bad shaking up."

"So I think. I wish there was some other way of fixing him off."

"There may be," said Frank. "I shall give it consideration. There is no reason why we should sacrifice our lives needlessly."

"Of course not. We must live to enjoy the credit of this great deed of philanthropy and heroism. Ahem!"

"Exactly! We'll try and live," agreed Frank, with a laugh.

The Nautilus would run for a ways on the surface and then go to the bottom. The searchlight would be used to sweep the ocean depths with for some sign of the sea devil.

Thus the Nautilus kept on for days toward the outer waters of the Bay of Arabia.

In these waters, where the depth was fully a mile, and the water was as transparent as crystal, the voyagers encountered some thrilling experiences.

The boat was drifting along through a submarine current, and not but a few hundred yards from the bottom, when Rhodes, who was at the observation window, shouted:

"On my word! here is a deep sea city. Come here, quick, Frank!"

The other voyagers were instantly by his side.

And they were equally astonished at the scene spread before them.

They saw below them the streets, pavements, walls and domes of a mighty city under the sea.

It was all like an unreal dream, and for a time they were hardly able to realize it.

But yet their senses were not to be disputed. It was no submarine mirage, but a reality.

"A deep sea city!" gasped Frank Reade, Jr., "What a mighty wonder! It was no doubt once above the surface."

"Begorra, maybe there is a quare koind of people under the sea also," suggested Barney.

"No," declared Frank; "that is hardly likely. That city was built by human hands! I believe there is a tradition that a part of Arabia once sank into the sea! It must then be an actual fact."

"Ay!" cried Rhodes, "for the indications are that this is a very ancient city."

"Indeed, yes," said Frank. "But how wonderfully preserved!"

"That is easily explained. The coral insects have encased it all in a coating of shell. This has kept the stone intact. And look! Every house is the home of some sort of a sea-monster!"

"Bejabers, p'r'aps this is the rale home of the sea devil!" ventured Barney.

"Golly, I done fink he am de mayor, den," averred Pomp.

This caused a general laugh. The boat all the while had been drifting over the buried metropolis of ancient days.

The searchlight was hardly needed, the water was so clear and transparent.

It was truly a wonderful sight. The voyagers gazed upon it spellbound.

Then the boat drifted over a mighty amphitheater which was similar to the Roman Coliseum.

There were tiers upon tiers of stone slats. The roof, doubtless, had been a huge canopy.

The mighty area was adorned with strange-looking statues of all manner of strange beasts. It was once no doubt the scene of gladiatorial and other combats similar to those held at Rome.

Frank suddenly checked the course of the boat.

Then it began to sink.

"What are you going to do?" asked Rhodes in surprise.

"I am going to take a little look at this sunken city," he said. "I shall have no other better opportunity. I am interested."

"Good!" cried the lieutenant, with delight. "I was going to suggest it myself, but did not know how you would take it."

"We will not lose much time," said Frank, "and we may gain something of interest."

"Correct," agreed Rhodes. "It may be some while before we come this way again."

"Just so," laughed Frank.

The boat settled down and rested upon the paved floor of the arena. It could be seen now what a mighty structure it was.

The walls rose about them to a tremendous height. There was something grand and impressive in the style of architecture.

The imagination could picture the savage combats between man and beast which had taken place in this mighty circle.

The tiers of seats might one day have held cheering thousands. Where were they now?

What had become of them? Had they gone down in the depths when the great tidal wave came and the great city sank a mile deep beneath the waves?

If so their remains must have long since crumbled and passed away.

Ages had passed since the submerged city had occupied its place on the earth in all its grandeur and pride.

None of its inhabitants had dreamed of its awful fate, and certainly none had foreseen this visit of a submarine boat in these latter days to the scene.

For some while the voyagers continued to study the wonders of the depths.

Then Frank went into his cabin.

When he came out he was attired in a diving suit. Rhodes regarded him with amazement.

"Where are you going, Frank?" he asked.

"I am going to explore the exterior of one of these houses," he said. "Don't you want to go, also?"

"What! Are you going to leave the boat?"

"Yes."

"In that diving suit?"

"Certainly."

"But," exclaimed Rhodes in surprise, "where is your life-line and the pump?"

"There is no need of such with this sort of a diving suit," said Frank.

"What do you mean?"

"I will explain to you easily. You will see that upon my back there is a large square case."

"Yes."

"That is connected with this helmet by a rubber pipe."

Frank held the helmet in his hand.

"Now," continued Frank, "the square case on my back is a chemical generator and reservoir similar to the one which supplies the boat with fresh air, only on a smaller scale."

Rhodes saw the point.

"Wonderful!" he cried. "I can see how it is. This enables you to travel anywhere without being trammeled with a life-line."

"That is it," said Frank.

"How long will the generator furnish good air?"

"As long as the chemicals last, which would be for several days."

"Do you think I would refuse your invitation? Not much! I am ready to go with you, Frank. Where is your diving suit?"

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE DEEP SEA PALACE.

Barney had stood near by looking on wistfully all the while. He was only waiting an invitation himself.

For if there was one thing the Celt enjoyed it was hazardous trips with Frank Reade, Jr.

Frank saw what was on the Celt's mind and said with a twinkle in his eyes:

"Barney, bring another diving suit. You and Pomp may keep house until we return."

The Irishman ducked his head with a disappointed grimace.

"All roight, sor."

Then he hustled away and soon came back with the diving suit. In a few moments Rhodes had donned it.

But the lieutenant was puzzled.

Before he put on the helmet he said:

"But I can't see, Frank, how we are going to leave the boat."

"Well," said Frank, explanatorily, "you will remember that there is an entrance in the hold, a door below the water line when the boat is afloat on the surface."

"Yes; I have wondered what that was for."

"Well, it is to leave the boat by when she is under water."

Still Rhodes was puzzled.

"That may be all right," he said; "but how on earth dare you open that door long enough to walk out? Will not the water rush in and flood the boat?"

"No," replied Frank.

"Why not?"

"Come with me and I will show you."

Rhodes followed the young inventor down into the hold. Frank had no trouble in explaining matters to him.

"You will see," he said, "that we step into a vestibule here; we close the door into the cabin thus."

They stepped into the vestibule. Frank closed the cabin door; then he said:

"Now, when I wish to leave the boat I simply put on my helmet and turn this valve. In a second the vestibule is filled with water. The door behind us prevents the cabin from being flooded. Then I open the outside door and walk out, as the vestibule is already filled with water."

"Simple enough," said Rhodes; "but in coming in——"

"I walk in and close the outer door. By pressing this valve a pneumatic pressure forces the water out of the vestibule; then I can enter the cabin safely."

"What a clever contrivance," said the lieutenant, now comprehending all. "Are we ready to go?"

"Yes."

They donned their helmets. Frank pressed the valve and the vestibule was instantly filled with water.

Then he opened the door and they passed out upon a small gangway. In a moment more they stood upon the pavement of the submerged arena.

There was a giddy feeling for a few moments from the intense pressure of the water.

But this soon passed away and the two divers walked with ease on the coral-incrusted pavement.

Rhodes' first impulse was to speak to Frank. To his momentary surprise the young inventor did not answer him.

Then he remembered that conversation under water was impossible unless their helmets were placed close together.

Frank led the way across the arena. Passing under a great archway, they came into a street of the town.

It was a broad thoroughfare and lined with mammoth buildings.

Frank's purpose was to explore one of these.

He was curious to know the architecture of the interior, so he selected a large edifice just opposite and entered it.

Connected with each diver's suit was a storage battery, which kept ablaze a small electric lamp on the top of the helmet. This enabled the divers to see with the greatest of ease.

And it was a wonderful scene which met their gaze as they entered the building.

Myriads of curious fish of all colors of the rainbow dashed out of the place.

It was evident that man was an unfamiliar and possibly an unwelcome visitor. So they made rapid flight.

But the interior of the building was what claimed the attention of Frank and Rhodes.

It was marvelously beautiful in detail of sculpture and decoration. Of course only such as was imperishable was left.

But there were beautiful columns and pilasters, cornices and bases of a style of sculpture equaled only by the ancient Greeks.

Surely these submerged people must in their day have been a wonderful race and highly gifted.

Through the mighty structure the two explorers wandered.

There were mighty banquet halls, chambers of state and audience rooms, all adorned with wonderful finish in marble and other fine stone.

No wooden or metal furniture had survived, but in the banquet hall there were long tables of marble upon carved legs of onyx.

The building was evidently the palace of some prince or other high ruler in the land.

But Time and Fate, the two great levelers, had swept all away to the shores of Eternity. It is the common fate of mankind.

The two divers spent a much longer time in the submerged palace than they imagined.

They had begun to think of a return to the submarine boat when a curious phenomenon occurred.

The water in the building became suddenly furiously agitated. It rushed in at the doors and out again so strongly with some commotion that neither Frank nor Rhodes could keep their feet.

They were tossed hither and thither like corks. Frank finally clung to a pillar and Rhodes clung to him.

This brought their helmets together, and the lieutenant shouted:

"What in mercy's name is it?"

"I can't imagine."

"Can it be an earthquake?"

"If so we are lost!"

"I think we had better get back to the boat as soon as possible."

"Certainly; but we can't seem to get anywhere while this hubbub lasts."

But after a time the waters ceased their terrific motion, and then they hastily left the palace and started to return to the Nautilus.

But what of Barney and Pomp, whom we left on board the Nautilus? The darky and the Celt had not been without a bit of excitement.

Immediately Frank and the lieutenant had disappeared, Barney turned and eyed Pomp.

This was the opportunity he had long waited to get square with the darky for a practical joke played on him some while before.

Pomp knew it and was prepared. Warily the two jokers regarded each other.

"Phwat are yez lukin' at, yez black ape?" exclaimed Barney, glowering at the other.

"Yo' kin bes' tell dat yo'se'f, sah!" retorted Pomp.

"Well, phwat do yez want?"

"Don' yo' know dat dis am de chainee yo' an' I hab jes' bin lookin' fo' fo' a long time?"

"Yez may be roight."

"A'right, yo' stuffed-up Irish mucker! Yo' am no 'count, nohow!"

"Yez cock-eyed black son av a gun, yez!"

"Yo' am po' stuff!"

"Yez are a big balloon!"

"Ki dar! Yo' look out fo' de bullgine when de whistle blow. Dis am a bery hard old cowcatcher, yo' bet!" and Pomp shook his head like a mad bull or an irate ram.

Barney knew that he spoke the truth.

He had felt the force of that solid cranium in his abdomen many times, and knew well its knocking-out qualities. He had no desire to repeat the experience.

So he kept a wary eye upon his opponent.

But matters could not well help coming to a focus very soon.

The two belligerents meant to settle the score, and without a great sight of parrying, either.

Suddenly Pomp made his rush.

Barney managed to dodge just in the nick of time.

Pomp struck the door frame full force.

It made the boat quiver, and would have brained an ordinary man.

But the distress of the darky was only temporary.

He turned like a whirlwind and made another dive at his foe.

This time Barney was obliged to grapple.

Then down went the two scrappers on the floor of the cabin.

And there they tugged, and panted and wrestled a long while with not much advantage on either side.

How long they were thus engaged they never could guess. They were aroused in a peculiar way.

Suddenly the submarine boat began to rock and sway as if dealt repeated blows.

As Barney gained his feet he saw that this was caused by great waves or currents of water striking heavily against its sides.

Something was creating a tremendous amount of agitation. What it was they could not guess.

They were sobered now.

The two jokers stood looking at each other in a guilty sort of way. Barney exclaimed:

"Begorra, phwat in divil is it?"

"Am it an airthquake?"

"The divil knows."

"Kin yo' see anyfing ob Marse Frank an' der leftenant?"

Both rushed to the observation window. The water about the boat was in a state of awful commotion.

Frank and Rhodes were not in sight, but Barney and Pomp beheld that which caused the blood to tingle in their veins and thrilled their souls with horror.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHASE CONTINUES.

For a moment neither could act, so horrified were they.

Then Barney gasped:

"Begorra, it's the sea devil!"

The cause of the terrific agitation in the depths was indeed the monster of the sea.

Its mighty form could be seen above the arena walls. It was resting upon some of the housetops and engaged for diversion in thrashing its mighty tail about, which made the fearful currents of water.

As it lay there in full sight it did not seem to heed the submarine boat.

The sensations of Barney and Pomp can well be imagined.

They were taken so completely unawares by the apparition that they knew not what action to make.

When he recovered himself sufficiently to act, Barney started to turn on the current which would charge the hull of the boat; but Pomp grasped his arm in terror.

"Don' yo' do dat, chile!" he cried.

"Phoy not?" asked the Celt in surprise.

"Golly, chile, don' yo' fink ob Marse Frank an' de leftenant? S'posin' dey cum along an' touch it an' git killed, too?"

Barney gave a shudder. He fairly embraced the darky.

"Begorra, you are a brick!" he cried. "Shure I never thought of that. Whurroo! phwat the divil shall we do?"

"I must tell yo' sit right heah, an' keep quiet till Marse Frank done cum back."

"But phwat if the divil goes fer to attack us?"

"I don' believe he kin git down in here to git at us," said Pomp.

And indeed this looked to be the case. The walls of the amphitheater interfered certainly with any possibility of the huge fish charging at the boat.

It was practically a safe position.

Seeing this Barney and Pomp ceased to worry about that matter any further.

But both were intensely excited and eager for the return of Frank and Rhodes.

They watched eagerly for their appearance, and suddenly Barney cried:

"Hooray! There they cum, be me sowl!"

It was true.

Frank and Rhodes were coming with all haste into the amphitheater. They paused in amazement as they took in the situation.

They saw the huge fish, and that it was the cause of the commotion in the depths.

They also saw the coveted opportunity to bag the big game for which they were seeking.

It seemed as if fate had placed this in their way. No time was lost in getting aboard.

They rushed into the vestibule and Frank turned off the water.

A moment later they were in the cabin with their diving suits removed. Then followed excited exclamations.

"Did you ever hear of anything like this?" cried Rhodes. "Surely this is a case of wait and it will come to you. What a streak of luck!"

"It is more than luck," declared Frank, "if we can only bag him now that he is so near to us."

The big fish was now lying quite still. Its tail was toward the submarine boat.

This was favorable for an unobserved attack. Of course there was some risk, but yet if one contact could be given the fish with the heavily charged hull, all would be settled in quick order.

Preparations were quickly made. It was an exciting moment.

Frank charged the hull to the full capacity of the dynamo.

Then he went to the keyboard and pressed the motive key. The boat rose slowly and steadily.

Then straight toward the big fish it went. Frank's hand was over the lever, and the impulse was upon him to open it full force.

It looked as if the game was surely bagged.

But alas!

All in that moment things were turned topsy-turvy.

It chanced to be the exact moment that the big fish felt impelled to again thrash its powerful tail.

The tremendous current caused by the action was too powerful for the Nautilus to overcome.

It was swept to one side in a twinkling, and then—whiz! presto! the would-be prey was gone!

Like a meteor the big fish was away through the watery waste and out of sight in a twinkling.

Of course Frank put on all speed and gave chase.

But it was like pursuing an ignis fatuus or a lightning bolt. The submarine boat was simply not in it.

For miles the Nautilus darted on. But the sea devil had given its pursuers the slip.

To say that the voyagers were chagrined would be a mild statement.

Frank was disgusted.

"A fine state of affairs!" he growled. "Why, the rascal was right in our clutches. What fools to let him slip."

"But it couldn't be helped," said Rhodes. "We did the best we could."

"That is true enough."

"Begorra, mebbe I had oughter hev tackled the omadhaun an' not waited for yez, Misther Frank," ventured Barney.

"No," said Frank, emphatically. "You did just right, Barney; it was right to wait for me."

"I am afraid we shall not bag the game in the Indian Ocean," said Rhodes.

"We will not give up the chase until we do run him down!" declared Frank.

The Nautilus was now sent to the surface. The sea devil, like its prototype in part, the whale, seemed obliged to go at times to the surface for air.

So Frank hoped in this way to get another sight of the monster.

And his surmise proved correct.

The sea devil's spout was seen made to the eastward. The Nautilus at once shifted in pursuit.

But as Rhodes had predicted, the monster was not destined to be run down in the Indian Ocean.

For weeks the Nautilus kept on almost to the island of Ceylon.

Then southward into the Malay sea, and Rhodes declared:

"I'm thinking we shall see Australia after all, Frank."

"Do you know what I think?"

"No."

"I am of the opinion that we shall have to follow the chap down into the Antarctic."

"You don't mean it?"

"If he follows up his old trick of sticking to the deep sea currents we shall. For the Antarctic current is joined just below New Zealand."

"Whew! we shall freeze!"

"Oh, I think not. At any rate I mean to follow the chap, if it is to the South Pole."

"Bravo! That is the kind of talk I like!"

The Indian Ocean now began to merge into its southern half. The coast of Australia was not many hundred miles away.

Sailing vessels were rarely encountered now. In all cases they were hailed.

But none of them had news of the sea devil.

No clew whatever was to be had.

However, Frank still clung to his pet theory of the sea currents, and kept straight on into the Antarctic Current.

Rhodes had begun to wax uneasy.

"I'm afraid we're getting off the track, Frank," he said.

"Oh, but I think not," rejoined the young inventor. "Where do you get your idea?"

"Well, we have not seen a sign of the fish."

"That is true. However, we can only trust to luck for that. We have had our best success in following the currents thus far."

"That's so," agreed Rhodes; "but how do we know that the big fish is yet in this particular current? He may have cut across into some other, or we may have passed him!"

"All this is no more than hypothesis," said Frank; "that is the best we can follow, and just what we are following."

How much further the argument might have gone it is impossible to say.

But suddenly a hail came down from the pilot-house in Barney's voice.

"Shure, Misther Frank, here is a sail to windward and flyin' a flag av disthress!"

In a moment Frank was in the pilot-house.

He saw the distant sail and also the signal of distress. At once he changed the course of the Nautilus in that direction.

The submarine boat ran like a spirit through the tossing waves of the chilly Southern Sea.

Not until the disabled craft was within speaking distance was speed abated.

The craft was seen to be a whaling vessel of a kind common in the Antarctic, and flew the British flag.

"Ahoy!" shouted Frank, going out on the forward deck.

"Ahoy!" came back the hail.

"What craft is that?"

"The Defender. Captain Otis Clarke, of Auckland. Who are you?"

"The submarine boat Nautilus, of Readestown, U. S. A."

There was a moment's silence.

"Submarine boat!" came back then. "You don't mean to say that you sail under the water as well as on it?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I never!" spluttered the English captain. "Another Yankee notion. You people are the trickiest on earth. I thought you was a torpedo boat."

"Not a bit of it."

"Well, we're glad to see you. We're in a bit of trouble. Starboard bulwarks stove, leaking a bit in a forward seam, and we've lost our mizzenmast and half our rudder."

"I see you're badly used up," said Frank; "struck a storm?"

"Not a bit of it."

Then the English captain made a startling statement.

CHAPTER X.

UNDER THE ANTARCTIC.

"We were sailing smoothly about two hundred miles south of here," he said, "when all of a sudden some terrific monster rose out of the sea just to windward of us.

"I never seen anything in my life like it. It seemed neither fish nor animal. It scooted around the ship half a dozen times and made so heavy a sea that once it broke over the taffrail.

"Then the next thing we knew it rammed for us. We veered the ship and got a glancing blow. I thought we'd turn turtle, so far over on our masts' ends did we go. The critter only struck us once, but did all this damage. It then slid away due south. We've been working for Auckland ever since, and will make it all right if we don't strike a storm."

Frank and Rhodes were so excited that they did not know what to do.

The young inventor turned triumphantly to the lieutenant.

"What did I tell you?" he cried. "We are on the right track."

Then he proceeded to inform the British captain that the Nautilus had been chasing the sea devil for thousands of miles for the purpose of exterminating it.

Also that he was not the only sufferer from its terrible predilection for the wrecking of ships.

Also that he might thank his lucky star that he was an exception to the general rule, and had not gone to the bottom instanter.

To alt of which the captain made a surprised reply, and was fain to congratulate himself upon his exceedingly fortunate escape.

"Is there any assistance I can give you?" asked Frank, finally.

"Under the circumstances, none," replied the English captain. "I thank you for your valuable information, and hereafter shall keep my weather eye open for such terrible creatures."

With which the two ships parted. The English brig went on to Auckland, and the Nautilus headed due south for the land of ice and snow.

The weather now became bitterly cold. The seas were rough and tempestuous.

But this affected the voyagers little, for the Nautilus ran most of the way under the surface.

In this manner she in a measure escaped the cold and also the terrible force of the sea.

For several hundred miles the Nautilus ran on thus until Frank reckoned that they were not far from the Antarctic Continent.

Deep sea sailing here was attended with no little risk.

For the seas were filled with icebergs, and many of these extended for hundreds of feet under the water.

Collision with one of these would have been a serious matter. It must not occur.

So the searchlight was constantly in use, and a man was always in the pilot-house.

But upon studying the direction of the current with the nautical indicator which he had invented Frank changed the course to the eastward.

If followed straight as a die it would take them to the tip of Graham Land, but the current soon tended more to the northward.

"I tell you," declared Frank, "we shall run our game down in the South Pacific. That is where he is going, and once we track him among the islands of Oceanica we will trap him. Mark my words."

"Well," declared Rhodes, "I certainly hope so. We have already tracked him under three oceans. That will make the fourth one."

"So it will."

Steadily to the northward now the bow-shaped current made its way.

The Nautilus kept steadily on.

Frank knew that if the big fish followed his tactics of the past he would be somewhere in this current and sure to turn up in Oceanica.

His hypothesis proved correct.

After weeks of patient deep sea sailing and a northward course the South Pacific was entered.

This was known by the change of marine plants and other characteristics of the bottom.

Also the water grew warmer and much lighter. The forms of fish life were much different.

Steadily up into Oceanica the submarine boat pushed its way.

"Where are you going" asked Rhodes.

"I'm going to make straight for the Great Circular Current which follows the Tropic of Capricorn without further regard to the sea devil," said Frank; "then I will lay in wait for him. In these seas I ought to be able to bag the game easily."

"I should say so," said Rhodes. "At least it will be easier looking for him, and the water will not be so deep."

Frank proceeded to follow out this plan. The submarine boat kept on until it finally made the surface not fifty miles from the Society Islands.

Here a missionary ship was sighted which reported sighting a tremendous whale two days before to the southward.

That this was the sea devil Frank was confident.

"He is coming this way," he said. "We have got ahead of him, that is all. I only hope we shall get another view of him."

So the Nautilus began to cruise about in a circle, extending as near as possible to the edge of the northbound current.

Frank had faith that he would certainly strike the fish in this way, and indeed his reckoning was not without logic.

Thus matters were when one night the Nautilus lay at will upon the moonlit sea, while Barney was the only one on deck, the others being below sound asleep.

The Nautilus was barely making headway, as Frank did not like to travel by night. It was the first half of the night, and Barney was on guard.

Pomp was to relieve him at two o'clock. Then the Celt was to retire and have his turn at Morpheus.

A dead calm was on the sea.

The moonlight made everything almost as plain as day.

To a poetic soul the inspiration of the scene would have been grand. Barney was even not so practical but that he thought it pretty.

"Bejabers, the say looks loike wan big bit av shoiny glass!" he muttered. "It's a quare soight!"

Then he fell to ruminating upon various matters connected with home life in Readestown, and from this came a recollection of a duty he owed Pomp for the last practical joke he had played on him.

"Begorra, I'd oughter put up somethin' on that naygur," he declared; "but phwat the divil shall it be?"

This was not easy to plan. But yet Barney's was an ingenious mind.

He sat down and began to think, and finally an idea came to him. His delight was so great that he alternately chuck-

led and scratched his head until his red hair stood up like quills on a fretful porcupine.

"Begorra, but that'll fix him," he muttered. "Shure it'll be a foine chance."

At two o'clock Pomp was to come on deck. Usually he was so sleepy that it was some time before he could collect his senses.

Barney relied largely on this fact for the success of his trick.

First he lashed the boat's wheel. As there was no wind it was safe enough to do this.

Then he brought a couple of line wires from the dynamo and connected them with the spokes of the wheel.

He did not charge them heavily, to be sure, but yet heavily enough for his purpose.

Then he crept cautiously down into the cabin and into Pomp's stateroom.

The darky was sound asleep and snoring. His clothes hung from a peg, and so did his cap.

Barney took the cap and doused a handful of cayenne pepper into it. Then he crept back to the deck.

Now it happened that Barney always called Pomp to relieve him by pressing an electric button, which gave the darky a sufficient shock to awake him.

Pomp would immediately rise and hasten on deck to relieve the Celt.

Two o'clock came.

The moment for action had arrived. Barney chuckled as he thought of the fun in store for him.

He pressed the electric button. Listening at the cabin stairs he heard Pomp dressing.

A few moments later the darky came stumbling up the companionway. He was not more than half awake.

He had put his cap on. The cayenne pepper was already doing its work. It was sifting down through his wool, and mingling with the perspiration of his face, for the night was sultry, and making rapid connection with his eyes and nose.

"'Mornin', Mister 'Shea!" he said, as he bowed vaguely to the Celt. "Am it a good night?"

"Yez are right," said Barney, trying to suppress his mirth. "But yez had betther set the wheel hard over, for the wind is changin' shure."

"A'right, Fish! Er-kerchew! I done reckon I hab caught a cold. Er-kerchew—chew! Massy, how mah eyes do smaht! I hab catched a bery bad cold, Fish!"

"Bejabers, I should think yez had!" agreed Barney, solemnly. "If I was yez I'd change that wheel roight quick an' then set in the cover av the forward cabin where yez can't get a draft."

"Golly! I done fink I hab mah deffer cold. Neber had sich a cold! Ar-kerchew!"

Then he laid hold on the spokes of the wheel and turned it. This was all very well.

But when he attempted to remove his hands—lo! they stuck to the spokes. He had not the power to wrench them free.

And every moment the cayenne pepper was getting in its deadly work, gagging and wheezing him. For a moment the darky was astounded.

But a little of this experience was enough to wake him up. Then an inkling of the truth dawned upon him.

And a madder darky the moon never shone upon. Words cannot express his feelings just then.

CHAPTER XI.

UNDER THE PACIFIC.

"Dis am yo' wo'k, yo' good-fo'-nuffin' Fishman!" he exploded. "Ah—ker-chew-chew-chew! I done break yo' head fo' dis—ah—ah—ker-chew-chew-chew! I'se done dyin fo' suah. Shut off dat current, yo' nasty Fish loafer, an' lemme go or I'll kill yo'—ah—ah—ah—ker-ker-chew-chew!"

What of Barney, wicked joker? Did he comply with the poor coon's request and shut off the current?

I am sorry to say that he did not. He was too convulsed with laughter and inflated with success to heed any appeal for mercy.

He was getting hunk with his joking colleague in royal shape. He could not see the logic of showing mercy.

"Phwat' the matter wid yez, naygur?" he cried. "Shure, can't yez break away aisy enough? That is a powerful cold in the head yez have!"

Pomp never dreamed of the true cause of his agonizing

influenza. He understood well enough the trick of the electrical spokes in the wheel, but he never once doubted that his smarting eyes and watery nose were due to aught else but a severe cold.

But the agony and discomfort he suffered was hardly to be expressed in words.

The pain and torture was something unbearable. Yet he was obliged to bear with it.

Finally, unable longer to endure the torture, he began to rave and yell at the top of his voice.

Of course this brought Frank and Rhodes out of their bunks. They rushed excitedly on deck.

Both were sure that the boat was on fire or some terrible catastrophe had happened.

Barney saw that the joke had gone as far as was practical and instantly shut off the current.

Pomp, released from his imprisonment, gave a howl of anger and started for his tormentor.

Like a thunderbolt he rushed across the deck.

In the moonlight he of course could not see so plainly.

A man who had just sprung up the cabin stairs was in his path.

In a moment he was upon him, for he believed it was Barney.

He was mistaken.

Both went down like tenpins, and Rhodes, for he it was, yelled in utter amazement.

"Hold on, there! What the devil ails you? Are you mad?"

In an instant Pomp was sober.

"Oh, massy Lordy!" he gasped, scrambling to his feet. "I done made an awful mistake. I fought yo' was dat Fishman. Ah-ker-chew!"

"Ker-chew!" exploded Rhodes. "What the deuce have you got about you? I should think it was pepper."

"Ah-ker-chew! I done beg yo' pahdon, Marse Rhodes. I hab got a terrible cold——"

"A cold!" gasped Rhodes. "Ah-ker-chew! Why, drat you, how could you give it to me so soon? You black rascal, you're loaded down with red pepper!"

The darky had a sneezing fit, then he pressed a hand over his perspiring face and felt a gritty substance.

The declaration of Rhodes was a revelation to him.

He snatched off his cap and a fine powder flew from it. He comprehended the situation instantly.

"Fo' de lan's sake!" he gasped; "it am pepper, fo' sartin, an' de wo'k ob dat no-'count Fishman. Jes' lemme get at him!"

Barney had retreated to the pilot-house and barred the door. Rhodes saw that the two had been skylarking, and was disposed to treat the matter in a jovial way.

So he began to laugh. But just at that moment a stern voice said:

"Haven't I forbidden this sort of thing? What are you two rascals up to? What do you mean by rousing us up at this time of night?"

Barney was industriously at work in the pilot-house. Pomp skipped into the galley to wash the pepper out of his wool.

Rhodes had to laugh.

"Those chaps about kill me," he cried; "they are up to high jinks all the time."

"Yes!" growled Frank; "they need a bit of discipline, too."

Then he laughed also, as Rhodes described the affair. Frank was not altogether in earnest.

"Well," he said, "they are bound to have some fun, anyway, I suppose. What a beautiful night it is!"

"To be sure. The sea is just like glass."

Then Rhodes paused.

He clutched Frank's arm and pointed out to the eastward, while with a quick, short breath he gasped:

"On my word, do you see that, Frank?"

Frank did see it.

Far out there on the silver expanse of water was a long, dark object. It looked like a floating wreck with hull up.

But suddenly as they gazed a spout of water rose in the air. They knew at once what that meant.

"The sea devil!" gasped Frank.

"That is just what it is."

"Once more."

"We are in luck!"

"It is fate. How lucky we were called on deck. I forgive those two rascals. Quick! turn on the searchlight!"

Frank sprang to the pilot-house door. Barney had unbarred it. The young inventor turned on the searchlight.

The Celt was amazed.

"Be me sowl!" he gasped; "will yez thry to attack it, Misther Frank?"

"Of course."

Frank turned the bow of the submarine boat upon the monster. He meant to take desperate chances and ram it.

The doors and windows were hermetically closed.

Then the hull was charged.

Straight toward the sea monster sped the Nautilus. It did not move or seem conscious of the approach of its foe.

It was a moment of powerful anxiety and suspense.

Frank clung to the wheel and held the boat for a glancing blow.

He knew the contact would be enough.

The intervening distance was quickly covered.

Like a steel arrow the submarine boat descended upon the big fish. There was a sudden shock, and then——

What followed in the next few seconds was ever after a vague memory to the adventurers.

It seemed as if the boat was seized and pitched and hurled and smashed. The waves surged over it. But all was quickly over.

The Nautilus floated on the moonlit sea. Not twenty yards distant lay an immovable drifting mass. Its silver line of belly was upturned.

The flash of the searchlight told the story.

The hunt for the sea devil was at an end. At last the game had been run down.

The shock had proved fatal, and it was dead.

No more the commerce of four oceans need dread the terrible monster. The submarine boat had done its work well.

For a moment the voyagers were silent. Then Rhodes cried exultantly:

"Hurrah! We have won!"

But almost in that moment a thrill of horror seized Frank. He felt a peculiar motion of the boat.

"We have won," he said, "but I fear at the cost of our lives!"

Rhodes was pallid.

"What do you mean?"

"Do you hear that rush of water?"

"Yes."

"I fear that the death blow given us by the fish's tail has smashed the reservoir. If it has we are lost!"

"We are sinking!"

Frank tried to work the reservoir lever. In vain.

The next moment the Nautilus plunged beneath the waves. Down she sank to the bottom.

In vain Frank tried to raise her. It was plain that the reservoir had sustained an injury.

How extensive this was, or whether it could be repaired or not, was a question.

Frank went quickly down into the hold. It required but a brief examination for him to know the truth.

He came up hastily.

"I fear we are lost," he said; "the reservoir is crushed in. There is no danger of the water coming into the cabin, but we are buried, perhaps forever at the bottom of the sea!"

A groan of horror escaped Rhodes.

"My God! that is awful!" he said; "is there no way to raise the boat?"

"None whatever."

"We have given our lives, then, to rid the seas of that monster?"

"Yes."

"But who will ever know it? Our fate will remain unwritten."

"It looks that way."

Despondency for a time rested upon the crew of the sunken boat. But finally Frank went into the cabin and began to study his charts.

Presently Rhodes, in a dejected mood, joined him.

"There is positively no chance, Frank?" he asked.

The young inventor was silent a moment.

Then he said:

"There is no chance for the Nautilus. It must remain here forever!"

"But for us?"

"There is a ghost of a chance."

"What is it?"

Frank placed a finger on a point on the chart.

"As near as I can make it," he said, "that is our position! Just twenty miles to the west is an atoll! Do you think we could reach it?"

Rhodes gave a gasp.

"Reach it?"

"Yes."

"Why—in what manner?"

"By walking on the bottom of the sea! It is a mighty risk!"

The young lieutenant was astounded. For a moment he could not answer.

"You mean travel that far in the diving suits?" he finally asked.

"That is what I mean exactly," replied Frank.

CHAPTER XII.

A DEEP SEA TRAMP.

Twenty miles' walk on the bed of the Pacific Ocean in diving suits! It was a stupendous conception!

"Why, I am willing to risk anything. But——"

"What?"

"The chances!"

"The chances are only a modification of a certainty. If we stay here with the Nautilus it means death. To leave here is death with one chance in ten of gaining the island."

"If we can make the walk, what are the chances of reaching the island?"

"Not of the best. We are not able to take as exact bearings as necessary. At best it would be guesswork. By the chart the atoll is due west of us."

"If we should not follow the exact course——"

"Then we would pass by or around the atoll. That would mean that we would likely be lost at the bottom of the Pacific. As hopelessly lost as if entombed alive."

"My God!" said Rhodes; "that would be a desperate chance. We could hardly hope to eat while under the water?"

"No; we must make the twenty miles without food or drink."

"Yes; if we were sure of striking the atoll exact——"

"We could certainly do it. At least we will make the trial."

"You to decide?"

"Yes."

Rhodes gripped Frank's hand.

"Good! I am with you! We can no more than die, anyway!"

"Which is true."

Barney and Pomp were called in, and the situation was described to them.

They were willing and even eager to undertake the feat. So preparations were at once made.

The diving suits were brought out, and Frank saw that the generators were filled with chemicals to their utmost capacity.

Before putting the suits on, however, again the situation was discussed.

But there seemed no other way out of the dilemma. It was finally decided to take the mighty chance.

Frank had a compass enclosed in a water-proof case. By this he set his course.

Then the start was made.

A hearty meal was partaken of, for they well knew that it would be a good while before they would be able to get another.

Then a last look was taken at the effects aboard the submarine boat. As he was crossing the forward cabin he noted a thrilling fact.

Water was trickling across the floor. Rhodes saw it also and exchanged startling glances with Frank.

"What is that?" he gasped.

"Why," said the young inventor, "it looks to me as if the boat had started a plate and was leaking."

"Jericho! then we will be obliged to leave her anyway!"

"Yes."

Frank stepped down into the hold. He comprehended the situation at once.

The boat was indeed leaking, and the leak was such that it could not be repaired save in the dry dock.

Rhodes had spoken truly. They were compelled to leave the boat, for in a few hours at furthest she must be filled with water.

The wonderful submarine boat Nautilus was doomed. She would never be reclaimed from the arms of old Father Neptune.

She was a sacrifice to the extermination of the sea devil. However, Frank would not have felt so bad had it left him the certainty of escaping with his life.

As it was it looked certainly as if the voyagers were to be a sacrifice also.

But yet the young inventor set his lips firmly and decided:

"We must now reach the atoll anyway. It is our sole hope."

"Begorra, we moight as well sthart now as at any toime," declared Barney. "Are yez all ready?"

"Yes," replied Frank.

The searchlight was set to the westward to light them as far as possible on their way. However, all carried electric lamps on their helmets, so that they were not so very bad off after all.

The Nautilus was left behind, and the four divers started on their tramp of twenty miles under the ocean.

Frank carried a pedometer so that he could measure the distance as they proceeded.

At the outset the course was easy. The bed of the ocean was smooth, and they made good time.

Frank adhered strictly to the point of the compass. In about two hours' time he consulted the pedometer and found that they had covered five miles.

This was encouraging.

They became more hopeful.

He communicated the fact to the others and they were delighted. Only fifteen miles more if they were lucky enough to strike the island.

If not—the thought caused a shudder. All clung desperately to hope.

But they could hardly expect to cover the remaining fifteen miles as easily.

Thus far they had met with no obstruction. The chief difficulty lay in walking, as it was an unnatural motion buoyed up by the swaying undercurrents, and made them a trifle giddy and seasick.

However, by indulging in frequent periods of rest they made excellent progress until ten miles was covered.

Then they came to the wildest, rockiest and roughest region which they had ever seen.

Climbing over slippery heights, threading devious valleys haunted by the ravenous octopus, and sliding over precipices of sometimes two or three hundred feet.

For one advantage lay in the fact that there was no danger of a serious fall.

If they slipped over the verge of a precipice it was to descend with a soft motion through hundreds of feet of water and strike the bottom as lightly as a cork.

The unpleasant part of this was that the shock would cause one to rebound several times, so that a bobbing up and down motion would ensue for some time.

But this overcome after a while, they were able to go on.

But it would be tedious to the reader to indulge in the necessary descriptive matter to explain all this. So let us pass on to more exciting incidents of the story.

After a while they had succeeded in crossing the submarine mountains, for such they were.

In the course of the journey they had reached the summit of the peak, which was not fifty feet from the surface.

Through the water, which was perfectly transparent, they saw the sky and the sun shining brightly. But there was no high enough point of land to enable them to emerge from the sea.

So they were obliged to keep on. Twelve hours of this sort of work, however, exhausted them.

All felt sleepy, and it was finally decided to indulge.

So a safe hiding place was found in a little cave of coral, and there they all fell asleep.

They were now, by Frank's calculation, not quite six miles from the atoll. But they could have gone no further without rest.

So it was decided to camp for awhile.

Soon all were asleep.

It was afterward remembered by the divers as the sweetest of slumbers.

What this was due to it is not easy to say.

Fourteen hours the divers remained in the embrace of the sleepy god.

Frank was the first to awake.

He could have slept on, but a glance at his chronometer disturbed him.

He saw the necessity of at once pushing on.

Every hour that they were without food lessened their strength and chances of reaching the island.

So he aroused the others.

The effect of the tramp was now to be seen. The sleep, though delicious, had not refreshed them.

They were affected with languor and dullness. Indeed, Rhodes was quite faint.

The action of the waves or currents made him deadly sick, but the start was bravely made.

The deep sea journey was now resolved into a most serious matter. Every yard, every foot, brought suffering.

For hours they toiled on. Then Frank made signs that only another mile remained.

This cheered them and they plodded on. The mile was covered. They were yet in the deep sea.

No atoll was there.

The faces of all behind the helmet windows were blanched. There was a miscalculation. The isle might be a hundred miles away.

It might not exist.

In horror and despair all sank down, and might have then and there abandoned themselves to their miserable fate had it not been for Frank.

The young inventor was all pluck.

He actually dragged the despondent ones to their feet. In this manner they staggered on.

Frank knew well enough the possibility of his having made an error in the exact reckoning of distance. But he believed that he could not have erred more than a mile or two.

So he clung to the belief that the atoll was not more than a mile distant yet.

With intense suffering the party now dragged themselves on.

And a beacon ray of hope suddenly shot down upon them. The bed of the ocean began to rise and shore fish were seen.

With renewed spirits they climbed on. Suddenly coral reefs were all about them.

The light of the helmets was no longer needed. They could see the blue sky overhead.

But was it true that they were approaching high land, or was it only the top of another deep sea peak?

Frank kept on in advance.

It was laborious work climbing over the jagged reef; but finally they got over it and were upon shelving sands.

Frank was the first to get his head above water. He unloosened the lock of his helmet and threw it off.

He drank in the glad pure air of day and the sunlight of a balmy morning. It was like an elixir of life to him.

Then the others followed his example.

"Saved! Thank God we are saved!" screamed Rhodes.

This was true. The sight before them was a rapturous one. The atoll, with its tropical verdure, was like a dream before them.

Never before had green leaves and grasses and singing birds seemed so beautiful and glorious.

They rushed through the combing surf, and flung themselves panting upon the silver sands.

Despite their hunger they recuperated fast. The air revived them mightily.

Moreover, they were not long hungry.

There were shell fish upon the sands. A little spring of water bubbled out of the cliffs.

In the woods back of the shore were bananas and cocoanuts. Flocks of seabirds were nest building on the cliffs.

They gorged themselves with such food as lay at hand. Then they slept.

A few days sufficed for all to recover completely. Then while exploring the cliffs Rhodes spied a sail.

It was a proa manned by Malays. But they were orang lant (men of the sea) and not pirates, so that they came readily to the rescue of the castaways.

They were taken from the island in the proa.

With the promise of a reward they carried the castaways to the nearest island port, where a trading ship was found.

On board this the submarine navigators finally reached Honolulu. There it was easy to take a steamer for San Francisco.

Nothing of note occurred on the voyage. But when they arrived in San Francisco a tremendous sensation was created.

Rhodes at once sent a dispatch to the Secretary of the Navy that the Sea Devil was destroyed. Back came a letter of congratulation, with the offer of indemnity to Frank Reade, Jr., for the loss of his boat.

Also promotion for Rhodes was hinted at. The young lieutenant at once started for Washington.

But he embraced Frank in taking leave of him and said:

"Be sure I shall never forget you, for I owe all to you. Perhaps some day I can return the favor in a small way."

But Frank only smiled and said:

"There is nothing to return. I have enjoyed the adventure as well as you have."

They thus parted.

Frank Reade, Jr., Barney and Pomp returned to Readestown. They were warmly welcomed home.

"Golly!" declared Pomp, "I done fink it was a shame to lose de Nautilus, but I reckon Marse Frank build anoder one when he takes a notion."

"Yez may be sure he will," said Barney.

But Frank did not commit himself. He only smiled, and went to work once more upon his drafted plans.

Whether he will ever succeed in building anything to outdo the Nautilus or not only time will tell. Until then let us patiently wait.

THE END.

Read "THE MYSTERIOUS MIRAGE; OR, FRANK READE JR.'S DESERT SEARCH FOR A SECRET CITY," which will be the next number (60) of "Frank Reade Weekly Magazine."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

"HAPPY DAYS,"

The Best Illustrated Weekly Story Paper Published.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.

"HAPPY DAYS" is a large 16-page paper containing Interesting Stories, Poems, Sketches, Comic Stories, Jokes, Answers to Correspondents, and many other bright features. Its Authors and Artists have a national reputation. No amount of money is spared to make this weekly the best published.

A New Story Begins Every Week in "Happy Days."

OUT TO-DAY! OUT TO-DAY!

Charley, the Corn King;

OR,

WAKING UP THE BOARD OF TRADE.

By R. T. EMMET.

Begins in No. 480 of "HAPPY DAYS," Issued December 11, 1903.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or Will Be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

PLUCK AND LUCK.

CONTAINS ALL SORTS OF STORIES. EVERY STORY COMPLETE.

32 PAGES. BEAUTIFULLY COLORED COVERS. PRICE 5 CENTS.

LATEST ISSUES:

213 Young Davy Crockett; or, The Hero of Silver Gulch. By An Old Scout.
214 Jack Wright and His Magnetic Motor; or, The Golden City of the Sierras. By "Noname."
215 Little Mac, The Boy Engineer; or, Bound To Do His Best. By Jas. C. Merritt.
216 The Boy Money King; or, Working in Wall Street. A Story of a Smart New York Boy. By H. K. Shackleford.
217 "I." A Story of Strange Adventure. By Richard R. Montgomery.
218 Jack Wright, The Boy Inventor, and His Under-Water Ironclad; or, The Treasure of the Sandy Sea. By "Noname."
219 Gerald O'Grady's Grit; or, The Branded Irish Lad. By Allyn Draper
220 Through Thick and Thin, or, Our Boys Abroad. By Howard Austin
221 The Demon of the Deep; or, Above and Beneath the Sea. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
222 Jack Wright and His Electric Deers; or, Fighting the Bandits of the Black Hills. By "Noname."
223 At 12 o'clock; or, The Mystery of the Lighthouse. A Story of the Revolution. By Gen. Jas. A. Gordon.
224 The Rival Boat Clubs; or, The Boss School at Beechwood. By Allyn Draper
225 The Haunted House on the Hudson; or, the Smugglers of the Sound. By Jas. C. Merritt.
226 Jack Wright and His Prairie Engine, or Among the Bushmen of Australia. By "Noname."
227 A Million at 20; or, Fighting His Way in Wall Street. By H. K. Shackleford.
228 Hook and Ladder No. 2. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
229 On Deck; or, The Boy Pilot of Lake Erie. By Allyn Draper.
230 Locomotive Fred; or, Life on the Railroad. By Jas. C. Merritt.
231 Jack Wright and His Electric Air Schooner; or, The Mystery of a Magic Mine. By "Noname."
232 Philadelphia Phil; or, From a Bootblack to a Merchant. By Howard Austin.
233 Custer's Last Shot; or, The Boy Trailer of the Little Horn. By An Old Scout.
234 The Rival Rangers; or, The Sons of Freedom. By Gen. Jas. A. Gordon.
235 Old Sixty-Nine; or, The Prince of Engineers. By Jas. C. Merritt.
236 Among the Fire-Worshippers; or, Two New York Boys in Mexico. By Howard Austin.
237 Jack Wright and his Electric Sea Motor; or, The Search for a Drifting Wreck. By "Noname."
238 Twenty Years on an Island; or, The Story of a Castaway. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
239 Colorado Carl; or, The King of the Saddle. By An Old Scout.
240 Hook and Ladder Jack, the Daring Young Fireman. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
241 Ice-Bound; or, Among the Floes. By Berton Bertrew.
242 Jack Wright and His Ocean Sleuth-Hound; or, Tracking an Under-Water Treasure. By "Noname."
243 The Fatal Glass; or, The Traps and Snares of New York. A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.
244 The Maniac Engineer; or, A Life's Mystery. By Jas. C. Merritt.
245 Jack Wright and His Electric Locomotive; or, The Lost Mine of Death Valley. By "Noname."
246 The Ten Boy Scouts. A Story of the Wild West. By An Old Scout.
247 Young Hickory, the Spy; or, Man, Woman, or Boy. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
248 Dick Bangle, the Boy Actor. By N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor).
249 A New York Boy in the Soudan; or, The Mahdi's Slave. By Howard Austin.
250 Jack Wright and His Electric Balloon Ship; or, 30,000 Leagues Above the Earth. By "Noname."
251 The Game-Cock of Deadwood. A Story of the Wild Northwest. By Jas C. Merritt.
252 Harry Hook, the Boy Fireman of No. 1; or, Always at His Post. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
253 The Waifs of New York. By N. S. Woods (The Young American Actor).
254 Jack Wright and His Dandy of the Deep; or, Driven Afloat in the Sea of Fire. By "Noname."
255 In the Sea of Ice; or, The Perils of a Boy Whaler. By Berton Bertrew.
256 Mad Anthony Wayne, the Hero of Stony Point. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
257 The Arkansas Scout; or, Fighting the Redskins. By An Old Scout.
258 Jack Wright's Demon of the Plains; or, Wild Adventures Among the Cowboys.
259 The Merry Ten; or, The Shadows of a Social Club. By Jno. B. Dowd
260 Dan Driver, the Boy Engineer of the Mountain Express, or Railroading on the Denver and Rio Grande.
261 Silver Sam of Santa Fe; or, The Lions' Treasure Cave. By An Old Scout.
262 Jack Wright and His Electric Torpedo Ram; or, The Sunken City of the Atlantic. By "Noname."
263 The Rival Schools; or, Fighting for the Championship. By Allyn Draper.
264 Jack Reef, the Boy Captain; or, Adventures on the Ocean. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
265 A Boy in Wall Street; or, Dick Hatch, the Young Broker. By H. K. Shackleford.
266 Jack Wright and his Iron-Clad Air Motor; or, Searching for a Lost Explorer. By "Noname."
267 The Rival Base Ball Clubs; or, The Champions of Columbia Academy. By Allyn Draper.
268 The Boy Cattle King; or, Frank Fordham's Wild West Ranch. By an Old Scout.
269 Wide Awake Will, The Plucky Boy Fireman of No. 3; or, Fighting the Flames for Fame and Fortune. By ex-Fire Chief Warden.
270 Jack Wright and His Electric Tricycle; or, Fighting the Stranglers of the Crimson Desert. By "Noname."
271 The Orphans of New York. A Pathetic Story of a Great City By N. S. Wood (the Young American Actor).
272 Sitting Bull's Last Shot; or, The Vengeance of an Indian Policeman. By Pawnee Bill.
273 The Haunted House on the Harlem; or, The Mystery of a Missing Man. By Howard Austin.
274 Jack Wright and His Ocean Plunger; or, The Harpoon Hunters of the Arctic. By "Noname."
275 Claim 33; or, The Boys of the Mountain. By Jas. C. Merritt.
276 The Road to Ruin; or, The Snares and Temptations of New York. By Jno. B. Dowd.
277 A Spy at 16; or, Fighting for Washington and Liberty. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
278 Jack Wright's Flying Torpedo; or, The Black Demons of Dismal Swamp. By "Noname."
279 High Ladder Harry, The Young Fireman of Freeport; or, Always at the Top. By Ex. Fire-Chief Warden.
280 100 Chests of Gold; or, The Aztecs' Buried Secret. By Richard R. Montgomery.
281 Pat Malloy; or, An Irish Boy's Pluck and Luck. By Allyn Draper.
282 Jack Wright and His Electric Sea Ghost; or, A Strange Under Water Journey. By "Noname."
283 Sixty Mile Sam; or, Bound to be on Time. By Jas. C. Merritt.
284 83 Degrees North Latitude; or, The Handwriting in the Iceburg. By Howard Austin.
285 Joe, The Actor's Boy; or, Famous at Fourteen. By N. S. Wood (the Young American Actor.)
286 Dead for 5 Years; or, The Mystery of a Madhouse. By Allyn Draper.
287 Broker Bob; or, The Youngest Operator in Wall Street. By H. K. Shackleford.
288 Boy Pards; or, Making A Home on the Border. By An Old Scout.

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. **POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.**

.....

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. 190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....

.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....

.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....

.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....

.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

WILD WEST WEEKLY

A MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES, SKETCHES Etc. OF WESTERN LIFE.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription $2.50 per year. Application made for Second-Class Entry at N. Y. Post Office.

No. 60. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 11, 1903. Price 5 Cents.

YOUNG WILD WEST AND THE VIGILANTES; OR, THINNING OUT A HARD CROWD.

By An Old Scout.

WILD WEST WEEKLY

A Magazine Containing Stories, Sketches, etc., of Western Life.

BY AN OLD SCOUT.

DO NOT FAIL TO READ IT.

32 PAGES. PRICE 5 CENTS. 32 PAGES.

EACH NUMBER IN A HANDSOME COLORED COVER.

All of these exciting stories are founded on facts. Young Wild West is a hero with whom the author was acquainted. His daring deeds and thrilling adventures have never been surpassed. They form the base of the most dashing stories ever published.

Read the following numbers of this most interesting magazine and be convinced:

LATEST ISSUES:

8 Young Wild West Missing; or, Saved by an Indian Princess.
9 Young Wild West and the Detective; or, The Red Riders of the Range.
10 Young Wild West at the Stake; or, The Jealousy of Arietta.
11 Young Wild West's Nerve; or, The Nine Golden Bullets.
12 Young Wild West and the Tenderfoot; or, A New Yorker in the West.
13 Young Wild West's Triumph; or, Winning Against Great Odds.
14 Young Wild West's Strategy; or, The Comanche Chief's Last Raid.
15 Young Wild West's Grit; or, The Ghost of Gauntlet Gulch.
16 Young Wild West's Big Day; or, The Double Wedding at Weston.
17 Young Wild West's Great Scheme; or, The Building of a Railroad.
18 Young Wild West and the Train Robbers; or, The Hunt for the Stolen Treasure.
19 Young Wild West on His Mettle; or, Fom Against Twenty.
20 Young Wild West's Ranch; or, The Renegades of Riley's Run.
21 Young Wild West on the Trail; or, Outwitting the Redskins.
22 Young Wild West's Bargain; or, A Red Man With a White Heart.
23 Young Wild West's Vacation; or, A Lively Time at Roaring Ranch.
24 Young Wild West On His Muscle; or, Fighting With Nature's Weapons.
25 Young Wild West's Mistake; or, Losing a Hundred Thousand.
26 Young Wild West in Deadwood; or, The Terror of Taper Top.
27 Young Wild West's Close Call; or, The Raiders of Raw Hide Ridge.
28 Young Wild West Trapped; or, The Net That Would Not Hold Him.
29 Young Wild West's Election; or, A Mayor at Twenty.
30 Young Wild West and the Cattle Thieves; or, Breaking Up a "Bad Gang."
31 Young Wild West's Mascot; or, The Dog That Wanted a Master.
32 Young Wild West's Challenge; or, A Combination Hard to Beat.
33 Young Wild West and the Ranch Queen; or, Rounding Up the Cattle Rustlers.
34 Young Wild West's Pony Express; or, Getting the Mail Through on Time.
35 Young Wild West on the Big Divide; or, The Raid of the Renegades.
36 Young Wild West's Million in Gold; or, The Boss Boy of Boulder.
37 Young Wild West Running the Gauntlet; or, The Pawnee Chief's Last Shot.
38 Young Wild West and the Cowboys; or, A Hot Time on the Prairie.
39 Young Wild West's Rough Riders; or, The Rose Bud of the Rockies.
40 Young Wild West's Dash for Life; or, A Rifle that Saved a Town.
41 Young Wild West's Big Pan Out; or, The Battle for a Silver Mine.
42 Young Wild West and the Charmed Arrow; or, The White Lily of the Kiowas.
43 Young Wild West's Great Round Up; or, Corraling the Ranch Raiders.
44 Young Wild West's Rifle Rangers; or, Trailing a Bandit King.
45 Young Wild West and the Russian Duke; or, A Lively Time on Mountain and Plain.
46 Young Wild West on the Rio Grande; or, Trapping the Mexican Coiners.
47 Young Wild West and Sitting Bull; or, Saving a Troop of Cavalry.
48 Young Wild West and the Texas Trailers; or, Roping in the Horse Thieves.
49 Young Wild West's Whirlwind Riders; or, Chasing the Border Thugs.
50 Young Wild West and the Danites; or, Arizona's Great Peril.
51 Young Wild West in the Shadow of Death; or, Saved by a Red Man's Bullet.
52 Young Wild West and the Arizona Boomers; or, The "Bad Men" of Bullet Bar.
53 Young Wild West After the Claim Jumpers; or, Taming a Tough Town.
54 Young Wild West and the Prairie Pearl; or, The Mystery of No Man's Ranch.
55 Young Wild West on a Crooked Trail; or, Lost on the Alkali Desert.
56 Young Wild West and the Broken Bowie; or, The Outlaws of Yellow Fork.
57 Young Wild West's Running Fight; or, Trapping the Reds and Renegades.
58 Young Wild West and His Dead Shot Band; or, The Smugglers of the Canadian Border.
59 Young Wild West's Blind Ride; or, The Treasure Trove of the Yellowstone.
60 Young Wild West and the Vigilantes; or, Thinning Out a Hard Crowd.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS, OR WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 5 CENTS PER COPY, BY

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

.....

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. 190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN. Nos.....

.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY. Nos.....

.... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY. Nos.....

.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK. Nos.....

.... " " SECRET SERVICE. Nos.....

.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76. Nos.....

.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books. Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76.

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

By HARRY MOORE.

These stories are based on actual facts and give a faithful account of the exciting adventures of a brave band of American youths who were always ready and willing to imperil their lives for the sake of helping along the gallant cause of Independence. Every number will consist of 32 large pages of reading matter, bound in a beautiful colored cover.

LATEST ISSUES:

76 The Liberty Boys' Daring Scheme; or, Their Plot to Capture the King's Son.
77 The Liberty Boys' Bold Move; or, Into the Enemy's Country.
78 The Liberty Boys' Beacon Light; or, The Signal on the Mountain.
79 The Liberty Boys' Honor; or, The Promise That Was Kept.
80 The Liberty Boys' "Ten Strike"; or, Bowling the British Over.
81 The Liberty Boys' Gratitude, and How they Showed It.
82 The Liberty Boys and the Georgia Giant; or, A Hard Man to Handle.
83 The Liberty Boys' Dead Line; or, "Cross it if You Dare!"
84 The Liberty Boys "Hoo-Dooed"; or, Trouble at Every Turn.
85 The Liberty Boys' Leap for Life; or, The Light that Led Them.
86 The Liberty Boys' Indian Friend; or, The Redskin who Fought for Independence.
87 The Liberty Boys "Going it Blind"; or, Taking Big Chances.
88 The Liberty Boys' Black Band; or, Bumping the British Hard.
89 The Liberty Boys' "Hurry Call"; or, A Wild Dash to Save a Friend.
90 The Liberty Boys' Guardian Angel; or, The Beautiful Maid of the Mountain.
91 The Liberty Boys' Brave Stand; or, Set Back but Not Defeated.
92 The Liberty Boys "Treed"; or, Warm Work in the Tall Timber.
93 The Liberty Boys' Dare; or, Backing the British Down.
94 The Liberty Boys' Best Blows; or, Beating the British at Bennington.
95 The Liberty Boys in New Jersey; or, Boxing the Ears of the British Lion.
96 The Liberty Boys' Daring; or, Not Afraid of Anything.
97 The Liberty Boys' Long March; or, The Move that Puzzled the British.
98 The Liberty Boys' Bold Front; or, Hot Times on Harlem Heights.
99 The Liberty Boys in New York; or, Helping to Hold the Great City.
100 The Liberty Boys' Big Risk; or, Ready to Take Chances.
101 The Liberty Boys' Drag-Net; or, Hauling the Redcoats In.
102 The Liberty Boys' Lightning Work; or, Too Fast for the British.
103 The Liberty Boys' Lucky Blunder; or, The Mistake that Helped Them.
104 The Liberty Boys' Shrewd Trick; or, Springing a Big Surprise.
105 The Liberty Boys' Cunning; or, Outwitting the Enemy.
106 The Liberty Boys' "Big Hit"; or, Knocking the Redcoats Out.
107 The Liberty Boys "Wild Irishman"; or, A Lively Lad from Dublin.
108 The Liberty Boys' Surprise; or, Not Just What They Were Looking For.
109 The Liberty Boys' Treasure; or, A Lucky Find.
110 The Liberty Boys in Trouble; or, A Bad Run of Luck.
111 The Liberty Boys' Jubilee; or, A Great Day for the Great Cause.
112 The Liberty Boys Cornered; or, "Which Way Shall We Turn?"
113 The Liberty Boys at Valley Forge; or, Enduring Terrible Hardships.
114 The Liberty Boys Missing; or, Lost in the Swamps.
115 The Liberty Boys' Wager, And How They Won It.
116 The Liberty Boys Deceived; or, Tricked but Not Beaten.
117 The Liberty Boys and the Dwarf; or, A Dangerous Enemy.
118 The Liberty Boys' Dead-Shots; or, The Deadly Twelve.
119 The Liberty Boys' League; or, The Country Boys Who Helped.
120 The Liberty Boys' Neatest Trick; or, How the Redcoats were Fooled.
121 The Liberty Boys Stranded; or, Afoot in the Enemy's Country.
122 The Liberty Boys in the Saddle; or, Lively Work for Liberty's Cause.
123 The Liberty Boys' Bonanza; or, Taking Toll from the Tories.
124 The Liberty Boys at Saratoga; or, The Surrender of Burgoyne.
125 The Liberty Boys and "Old Put."; or The Escape at Horseneck.
126 The Liberty Boys Bugle Call; or, The Plot to Poison Washington.
127 The Liberty Boys and "Queen Esther"; or, The Wyoming Valley Massacre.
128 The Liberty Boys' Horse Guard; or, On the High Hills of Santee.
129 The Liberty Boys and Aaron Burr; or, Battling for Independence.
130 The Liberty Boys and the "Swamp Fox"; or, Helping Marion.
131 The Liberty Boys and Ethan Allen; or, Old and Young Veterans.
132 The Liberty Boys and the King's Spy; or, Diamond Cut Diamond.
133 The Liberty Boys' Bayonet Charge; or, The Siege of Yorktown.
134 The Liberty Boys and Paul Jones; or, The Martyrs of the Prison Ships.
135 The Liberty Boys at Bowling Green; or, Smashing the King's Statue.
136 The Liberty Boys and Nathan Hale; or, The Brave Patriot Spy.
137 The Liberty Boys' "Minute Men"; or, The Battle of the Cow Pens.
138 The Liberty Boys and the Traitor; or, How They Handled Him.
139 The Liberty Boys at Yellow Creek; or, Routing the Redcoats.
140 The Liberty Boys and General Greene; or, Chasing Cornwallis.
141 The Liberty Boys in Richmond; or, Fighting Traitor Arnold
142 The Liberty Boys and the Terrible Tory; or, Beating a Bad Man.
143 The Liberty Boys' Sword-Fight; or, Winning with the Enemy's Weapons.
144 The Liberty Boys in Georgia; or, Lively Times Down South.
145 The Liberty Boys' Greatest Triumph; or, The March to Victory.
146 The Liberty Boys and the Quaker Spy; or, Two of a Kind.
147 The Liberty Boys in Florida; or, Fighting Prevost's Army.
148 The Liberty Boys' Last Chance; or, Making the Best of It.
149 The Liberty Boys' Sharpshooters; or, The Battle of the Kegs.
150 The Liberty Boys on Guard; or, Watching the Enemy.
151 The Liberty Boys Strange Guide; or, The Mysterious Maiden.
152 The Liberty Boys in the Mountains; or, Among Rough People.
153 The Liberty Boys' Retreat; or, In "The Shades of Death."
154 The Liberty Boys and the Fire-Fiend; or, A New Kind of Battle.

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. **POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.**

.....

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. 190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....

.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....

.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....

.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....

.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name .....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

THE STAGE.

No. 41. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the [illegible] end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch [illegible]. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 43. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.—Something new and very instructive. Every [illegible] should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. MULDOON'S JOKES.—This is one of the most original jokes books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should send for a copy immediately.

No. 79. HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half tone photo of the author.

HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. HOW TO COOK.—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, game and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost everything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

ELECTRICAL.

No. 40. HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 61. HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, plain with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST. By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. HOW TO PLAY GAMES.—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. HOW TO PLAY CARDS.—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, American Pitch, All Fours and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. HOW TO DO PUZZLES.—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. HOW TO BEHAVE.—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church and in the drawing room.

DECLAMATION.

No. 27. HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.—Containing [illegible] pieces, giving the different positions required to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. HOW TO DEBATE.—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the question given.

SOCIETY.

No. 3. HOW TO FLIRT.—The art and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of the handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. HOW TO DANCE is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ballroom and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. HOW TO MAKE LOVE.—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. HOW TO DRESS.—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, paroquet, parrot, etc.

No. 39. HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drofraw.

No. 40. HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 51. HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 11. HOW TO MAKE CANDY.—A complete handbook for making all kinds of candy, ice cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 19. FRANK TOUSEY'S UNITED STATES DISTANCE TABLES, POCKET COMPANION AND GUIDE.—Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also table of distances by water to foreign ports, hack fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published.

No. 38. HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it, also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, courses of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS

Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York

FRANK READE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Containing Stories of Adventures on Land, Sea, and in the Air.

BY "NONAME."

EACH NUMBER IN A HANDSOMELY ILLUMINATED COVER.

A 32-PAGE BOOK FOR FIVE CENTS.

All our readers know Frank Reade, Jr., the greatest inventor of the age, and his two fun-loving chums, Barney and Pomp. The stories published in this magazine contain a true account of the wonderful and exciting adventures of the famous inventor, with his marvellous flying machines, electrical overland engines, and his extraordinary submarine boats. Each number is a rare treat. Tell your newsdealer to get you a copy.

LATEST ISSUES.

11 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Torpedo Boat; or, At War With the Brazilian Rebels.
12 Fighting the Slave Hunters; or, Frank Reade, Jr., in Central Africa.
13 From Zone to Zone; or, The Wonderful Trip of Frank Reade, Jr., with His Latest Air Ship.
14 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Cruiser of the Lakes; or, A Journey Through Africa by Water.
15 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Turret; or, Lost in the Land of Fire.
16 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Engine of the Clouds; or, Chased Around the World in the Sky.
17 In the Great Whirlpool; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Strange Adventures in a Submarine Boat.
18 Chased Across the Sahara; or, Frank Reade, Jr., After a Bedouin's Captive.
19 Six Weeks in the Clouds; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Air-Ship the "Thunderbolt."
20 Around the World Under Water; or, The Wonderful Cruise of a Submarine Boat.
21 The Mystic Brand; or, Frank Reade, Jr., and His Overland Stage.
22 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Air Racer; or, Around the Globe in Thirty Days.
23 The Sunken Pirate; or, Frank Reade, Jr., in Search of a Treasure at the Bottom of the Sea.
24 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Magnetic Gun Carriage; or, Working for the U. S. Mail.
25 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Ice Ship; or, Driven Adrift in the Frozen Sky.
26 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Sea Engine; or, Hunting for a Sunken Diamond Mine.
27 The Black Range; or, Frank Reade, Jr., Among the Cowboys with His Electric Caravan.
28 Over the Andes with Frank Reade, Jr., in His New Air-Ship; or, Wild Adventures in Peru.
29 Frank Reade, Jr., Exploring a Submarine Mountain; or, Lost at the Bottom of the Sea.
30 Adrift in Africa; or, Frank Reade, Jr., Among the Ivory Hunters with His New Electric Wagon.
31 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for a Lost Man in His Latest Air Wonder.
32 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Sea Serpent; or, Six Thousand Miles Under the Sea.
33 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Prairie Whirlwind; or, The Mystery of the Hidden Canyon.
34 Around the Horizon for Ten Thousand Miles; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Most Wonderful Trip.
35 Lost in the Atlantic Valley; or, Frank Reade, Jr., and his Wonder, the "Dart."
36 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Desert Explorer; or, The Underground City of the Sahara.
37 Lost in the Mountains of the Moon; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Great Trip with the "Scud."
38 Under the Amazon for a Thousand Miles.
39 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Clipper of the Prairie; or, Fighting the Apaches in the Southwest.
40 The Chase of a Comet; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Aerial Trip with the "Flash."
41 Across the Frozen Sea; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Electric Snow Cutter.
42 Frank Reade Jr.'s Electric Buckboard; or, Thrilling Adventures in North Australia.
43 Around the Arctic Circle; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Famous Flight With His Air Ship.
44 Frank Reade Jr.'s Search for the Silver Whale; or, Under the Ocean in the Electric "Dolphin."
45 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Car; or, Outwitting a Desperate Gang.
46 To the End of the Earth; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Great Mid-Air Flight.
47 The Missing Island; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Voyage Under the Sea.
48 Frank Reade, Jr., in Central India; or, the Search for the Lost Savants.
49 Frank Reade, Jr. Fighting The Terror of the Coast.
50 100 Miles Below the Surface of the Sea; or, The Marvelous Trip of Frank Reade, Jr.
51 Abandoned in Alaska; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Thrilling Search for a Lost Gold Claim.
52 Frank Reade, Jr.'s, Twenty five Thousand Mile Trip in the Air.
53 Under the Yellow Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr's Search for the Cave of Pearls.
54 From the Nile to the Niger; or, Frank Reade, Jr., Lost in the Soudan.
55 The Electric Island; or, Frank Reade, Jr's Search for the Greatest Wonder on Earth.
56 The Underground Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr's Subterranean Cruise.
57 From Tropic to Tropic; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Tour With his Bicycle Car.
58 Lost in a Comet's Tail; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Strange Adventure with His Air-ship.
59 Under Four Oceans; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Submarine Chase of a "Sea Devil."
60 The Mysterious Mirage; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Desert Search for a Secret City.
61 Latitude 90 Degrees; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Most Wonderful Mid-Air Flight.
62 Lost in the Great Undertow; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Submarine Cruise in the Gulf Stream.
63 Across Australia with Frank Reade, Jr.; or, in His New Electric Car.
64 Over Two Continents; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Long Distance Flight.

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. **POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.**

.....

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. 190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....

.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....

... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....

.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....

... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....

.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....